THE UNCLAIMED DAUGHTER.

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THE

UNCLAIMED DAUGHTER;

A Mystery of our own Day.

EDITED BY C. G. H.,

AUTHOR OF "THE [illegible] OF LINWOOD," "AMY HARRINGTON," &c.

BATH: BINNS AND GOODWIN.

LONDON: WHITTAKER AND CO.; HAMILTON AND CO.

EDINBURGH: OLIVER AND BOYD. DUBLIN: J. M'GLASHAN.

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UNCLAIMED DAUGHTER;

A MYSTERY OF OUR OWN DAY.

EDITED BY C. G. H.,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURATE OF LINWOOD," "AMY HARRINGTON," ETC.

"Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?

* * * *

Oh, it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!"—HOOD.

SECOND EDITION.

BATH: BINNS AND GOODWIN.
LONDON: WHITTAKER AND CO.; HAMILTON AND CO.
EDINBURGH: OLIVER AND BOYD.
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TO THE

Right Honourable the Countess of Clarendon,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE,

WITH HER LADYSHIP'S KIND PERMISSION,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE EDITOR.

718734

PREFACE.

The MSS. from which the following pages are compiled, were put into our hands a few months ago, with the request that we would arrange them for publication, in the hope that the facts thus made known might lead to the discovery of the forsaken child's parents or kindred, and unravel the secret of her birth.

It has been said that truth is more strange than fiction, and it is so in a two-fold sense. First, because fiction professes to be a portrait of truth, and, that the air of reality may not be lost, it is generally safer to depict the aspect

under which she is most commonly known, rather than the more rare and startling manifestations which occur perhaps at long intervals, and are known to a limited number of observers; and, again, as all the creations of the novelist are but combinations of the familiar elements of human life and circumstance, these combinations, however skilfully arranged, being but imitations, must fall short of the power and vividness of the real counterparts.

It is almost impossible, with any approach to certainty, to form an idea of what the circumstances were, which thus cast a child, of a few years old, and apparently of gentle birth and careful nurture, into a position so strangely different from that in which she had been born. The facts of the English soldier's attendance after the murder of the lady who is supposed to have been her mother, the advertisement in the "Times," and the English officer's ap-

parent scrutiny, seem to give some colour to the idea that she may not be of Irish extraction. Perhaps, stolen from her parents by some unlawful claimant of property to which she was the natural heir, and never called by her name, that she might lose all trace of her origin. Deceived, perhaps, by a resemblance of the house near Nicholas Murphy's cottage to her half-remembered home; for it appears hardly probable that she should have been kept so near it. The lady for whom, in her desolation, the infant's heart so piteously yearned, may at last have traced, and been hastening to claim her, when arrested by the murderer's hand—that murderer, it may be, but the agent of others.

The house of mourning, which afforded so brief a respite from her woes—was it her native home? That her mother (if, indeed, it was she to the side of whose silent bier the child was carried) was a member of that family,

appears evident; but why, then, was her hapless infant cast again upon a world of which her experience had already been too bitter? The lady who would have supplied her mother's place was lured, it might be, on false pretences, to give her up.

But why multiply conjectures, when all is dark, mysterious, and unknown?

Since receiving the papers which form the substance of the following narrative, thorough investigation has been made as regards the character borne by Miss Hartley in the circles where she has been best and longest known, and the result has been to confirm the opinion which a constant correspondence since that period, as well as the facts of the narrative, have contributed to form, that she is a lady of the strictest integrity, of high moral and Christian principle, and also distinguished by a tenderness and benevolence of feeling that have well qualified her to fulfil towards the

child, whom she took from the most abject misery to the shelter of her home, the place of the parents she has lost.

At the period when she adopted this infant, Miss Hartley was herself in straitened circumstances, and the dictates of worldly prudence would have forbidden her to burden herself with the care of a young and helpless child, whose delicacy of health increased the labour and expense that the charge, under any circumstances, must have involved. But to such dictates Miss Hartley turned a deaf ear, or probably her generous feelings did not even recognize such cold-hearted policy. Satisfied, after due consideration, that the providence of Him, without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground, had cast this forsaken little one upon her care, and that she had therefore a right to expend in her support a part of the limited means of which He had made her the steward, she accepted the trust, and fearlessly

committed to Him the future provision both of herself and her adopted daughter.

Could the bereaved parents of the little forsaken one have penetrated the darkness that concealed her fate, how would they have rejoiced to know that she was sheltered in a home as safe and tranquil as that from which she had been torn, and nurtured by a care as tender as they could have bestowed. They may yet know this—Lucy's parents may behold once more their long lost child, and face to face greet the adopted mother who has cherished her infancy. If it be so, what a life-long debt of gratitude do they owe to her, who not only took their lost one, but in the face of increasing difficulties, and in opposition to the harassing interference of officious friends, has through every trial, in stedfast faith and changeless love, adhered to the child of her adoption, and guided, guarded, and watched over her, with a tender constancy that nothing could shake.

But how will they repay this measureless debt? By leaving Lucy to repay it, untrammelled by new ties and new duties. She will love the unknown authors of her being, for God has made her grateful and loving, and her protectress has cultivated those feelings; but let them remember that close as may be the ties that bind them to their newly found child, a claim with which no other must interfere, is hers, but for whom they would never have found their lost one,—or found her only amongst the lowest ranks of society, unfit for the station from which so many indications at the time of her discovery bespoke her to have been taken. She is fit for that station now. Miss Hartley has not only tenderly but carefully educated her, and whilst her amiable character and warm affection form the happiness of her kind friend's life, her talents appear to be such as will satisfy a parent's desires. Or should the hope in which this

work is published be disappointed, and Lucy still remain "The Unclaimed,"—should she be called upon to return, in the declining years of her friend, the benefits she received in her infancy, she may, by the employment of those talents, assist in procuring for her the comforts with which her own childhood was so liberally supplied.

Since Miss Hartley's adoption of the child, repeated exertions have been made by her, aided by the co-operation of interested friends, to find some trace of Lucy's origin, but in vain. The Ribbon system prevails so extensively over Ireland, binding men, women, and children in an inviolable league, that ten men may pass within a few paces of a murder at the moment of its perpetration, and, because of this oath, will neither aid the victim nor the police; and no efforts nor persuasion can elicit one word of evidence, for the priest guarantees pardon for every

offence. Such, we are informed, are the workings of a system which renders so difficult and arduous a police administration, in itself peculiarly vigorous and indefatigable. Whether the perpetual failure of every effort to trace Lucy's history was the work of this secret but powerful agency, or not, the result is the same. Rewards have been offered, police agency have been employed, and a long journey undertaken, all in vain.

From time to time Miss Hartley was misled by false reports, but she has wholly failed in the effort to trace the parish, county, or even province, where Nicholas Murphy resided, and whence the child was brought. Amongst other means which she tried, without success, Miss Hartley consulted Sir Duncan McGregor, the head magistrate of police in Dublin, and told him of the lame man, Tom Kelly, haunting her house, and of his supposed connection with the abduction of the child.

He replied that there were not sufficient grounds to summon him before a magistrate, as he did not in any way annoy Miss Hartley, and the child's statements did not refer to him, but to his wife, who was dead. Here, therefore, for the present, the matter rests.

The narrative is literally and strictly true in every particular, and the real names of places and persons are given in every instance, with the exception of those of Miss Hartley and Lucy, who wish to avoid the publicity that the knowledge of their names and residence would necessarily occasion.

As almost a last hope of leading to the disclosure of the long hidden truth, these facts are laid before the public. May it please Him who ruleth among the inhabitants of earth at length to unveil the mystery.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

CHAPTER I.—The Child. 1

CHAPTER II.—Early Development.—The Dinner Party.—The Parrot.—The Unhappy Servant. 8

CHAPTER III.—Early Development, continued:—First Knowledge of God.—The Sea-bath.—The Under Secretary. 14

CHAPTER IV.—The Child's Recollections:—The Lonely Cottage.—The Murdered Lady.—The Burning House. 24

CHAPTER V.—The Child's Recollections, continued:—The Journey.—The Hall of Mourning.—The Den of Misery. 37

CHAPTER VI.—Evidences of the Child's Origin.—Her Fortitude and Patience.—The Offered Guardian. ... 52

PAGE.

CHAPTER VII.—The Cruel Servant.—The Sign of the Cross.—The Nameless Child.—First day at Church.—Baptism. 63

CHAPTER VIII.—The Lawyer's Questions.—Conjectures.—Diversities of Opinion.—The Voices of Friends. 75

CHAPTER IX.—Lucy's Fears.—The Cradle of Repose.—Reverses.—The Invalid Lady.—Jealousy. ... 81

CHAPTER X.—The Kind Instructors.—Lucy a Spartan.—The Troublesome Lodgers.—Lucy's Griefs.—The Impatient Lady.—Night Birds.—The Swiss Family. 94

CHAPTER XI.—Re-appearance of Thady.—Lucy an Artist.—An Unselfish Nurse.—Confirmation.—The First Communion.—The Country Boarding-School. 106

CHAPTER XII.—A Haven of Repose.—Phantoms of the Past.—Footprints on the Sand.—The Lady's Bounty.—Lucy at School. 115

CHAPTER XIII.—Undeserved Neglect.—The Overworn Spirit.—Re-appearance of Kelly.—Investigation.—The Hovel Recognized.—Disappointment. ... 124

CHAPTER XIV.—The Sea-Coast.—Return to Dublin.—Tom Kelly's Haunting.—A Track Discovered.—The Track Pursued.—Lucy's Hopes.—The Journey.—Arrival in R——. 132

PAGE.

CHAPTER XV.—The Good Rector.—Fruitless Investigation. — The Strange Resemblance. — Return to Dublin.—The Proposed Tour. 140

CHAPTER XVI.—Departure for the Continent.—Arrival in London.—The Mysterious Stranger.—Lucy in the World's Thoroughfare.—The Hidden Links. ... 146

CHAPTER XVII.—The Storm.—Residence in France.—Marie.—The Return Home.—Conclusion. ... 150

APPENDIX.—Testimonials and Certificates 159

THE UNCLAIMED DAUGHTER.

Chapter First.

THE CHILD.

THERE is at this moment residing in a well known city in our own country, a young girl, over whose origin and early history a veil of mystery, hitherto unpenetrated, hangs; without name, without locality, claimed by no birthplace, and owning no tie of blood, she was dropped a stray leaf on the tide of life, to be wafted for shelter into any haven whither the wind of destiny, or rather the will of the great Arbiter of destiny, might direct her! and the will of that all-wise and all-good Disposer of fate, has guided her into a peaceful home, where she remains tenderly nurtured and sheltered until claimed by the unknown authors of her being.

In the December of 1836, a lady, at that time residing in Dublin, visited one day a charitable Institution of that city, established for the relief of unemployed labourers, and for the protection of destitute children.

The lady's attention was attracted by the appearance of a little girl, apparently not more than four or five years old, crouching in a corner apart from the other children. The infant looked pale and delicate, but bore in her whole appearance and manner the aspect of gentle birth. She was dressed in a frock and tippet of thin white muslin, but beyond this was destitute of clothing, and appeared to suffer intensely from the cold. The lady spoke to her, and was still further convinced that her origin widely differed from her present position; but all the particulars she could gather from the mistress of the Institution elicited little information, beyond the fact that the child had been brought there a few weeks before by a person who called herself her sister, but bore no sign of being so, as she was a coarse common-place girl, of a rank to which the little one manifestly did not belong. Unable for the present to devise any other means of relief, as her own circumstances did not permit her to yield to her inclination, by at once adopting the infant, Miss Hartley, the lady referred to, made application to the secretary of the Institution for

clothing, which she obtained without delay, and then for the present she left the child to her fate. Her interest, however, had been too strongly excited to permit her to forget its object, and she shortly revisited the Institution, and seeing the old woman with whom the child was lodged at night, promised her a reward if she would take good care of her, and treat her with kindness.

Miss Hartley found upon inquiry, that the girl who called herself the sister of the child had not been seen since the week she first appeared with her, when. after staying at the Institution for a few days, she had disappeared with a small quantity of stolen flax. In a few days after this second visit, Miss Hartley returned again ; on this occasion she found that the child was confined by illness to the pallet prepared for the children of the Institution, when any of them were overpowered by weariness. She was moaning as if in pain ; Miss Hartley took leave of the little sufferer, with little expectation of ever seeing her again. From this time she was prevented for many weeks from making any further inquiries ; when at length she was able to return to the Institution, she was surprised to find that the little unfortunate still lived : but when she saw her, her pale face, inflamed eyes, and trembling limbs, told a tale of suffering that could not be long protracted. Still no tidings had

been heard of her pretended sister ; but an old woman employed in the spinning room, hearing a lady inquire for Biddy Kelly, came forward uncalled, and said that the girl was a very bad character, and the less any lady had to do with her the better. Miss Hartley inquired if the sisters (for as yet she had no proof that they were not such) had no friends or relations who took care of them. "They have none, ma'am," replied the old woman, "they used to lie in halls and entries, and it was I who advised them to come here ; but Biddy is oftener in prisons and penitentiaries than anywhere else."

Miss Hartley did not at this time suspect any artifice, but had afterwards reason to believe that the old woman knew more of the child's origin than she would acknowledge, and was purposely deceiving her. During this visit she made special inquiry regarding the character and conduct of the child, and heard from every one that she was gentle, quiet, and tractable, but appeared sad and dispirited, never associating with the other children, nor taking any part in their sports.

A short time after this visit to the Institution, Miss Hartley saw Biddy Kelly, and found her a coarse country girl, bearing no resemblance to the delicate infant with whom she claimed so near a relationship. She stated that herself and her sister were the orphan

children of a dairyman named Tom Kelly, that they were now left destitute, but that all their former neighbours would bear testimony to her family's respectability, and that she could be recommended by the families with whom she had lived in service. She also stated that they had a grandmother living in a distant county, which she named, and that the clergyman of the parish knew her and her family. Miss Hartley made notes of the information she received, and found that she contradicted herself in several particulars, and that her statements were inconsistent. She, however, agreed to pay her expenses to her grandmother's parish, provided she would depart thither immediately, and arrange with the old woman that she should take care of her little sister, Miss Hartley being responsible for her board and clothing. Miss Hartley then dismissed the girl, desiring her to return upon a day which she named, to receive clothing and money for her journey. The day came and passed, but Biddy did not appear, and for the present Miss Hartley heard no more of her. She made inquiries regarding Tom Kelly, in the street to which she had been directed, and found that such a person had lived there, but had been dead for nearly twenty years, and had left no children. The girl's stories respecting the families she had lived with, turned out equally devoid of foundation.

About this time, Miss Hartley visited the Institution upon a holiday, and divided a large cake which she had provided amongst the children. She observed that little Bessie (the name by which the child was known) did not eat hers, but vainly tried to discover the reason. Some time afterwards, she learned from the child, that the girl who carried her to and from her nightly lodging, had beaten her for having eaten a biscuit which Miss Hartley had formerly given, and threatened to do so again, should she ever eat any little luxury she might receive.

The accumulated sufferings the child was now enduring, produced a rapid and visible effect upon a constitution evidently unqualified, both by nature and habit, to bear such hardships. She became emaciated and feeble, whilst a violent inflammation attacked her eye and ear; this appeared to have been brought on by the cold she had endured in consequence of the removal of her long flaxen hair upon her admission to the Institution. Miss Hartley saw that the sufferings of the poor infant, if not speedily relieved, must terminate her life, and no longer hesitated as to the course she ought to pursue.

Disregarding the cold-hearted policy which would limit the active exercise of philanthropy to those in immediate connection with us, and inspired in its stead with the spirit of Him who has left on record

the command, "As ye have opportunity, do good unto all," she determined to rescue from her misery the helpless little being whom a chance wave of life's ocean had thus washed to her feet, and to trust to Him who feedeth the young ravens when they cry, for a supply sufficient to meet the growing necessities of the forsaken little one. She at once made arrangements for removing for a time to the sea-coast, and applied to the directors of the Institution for permission to take the child with her, retaining the power of returning her to her present abode, should she afterwards find it necessary. Her request was readily acceded to, and the little one, provided with new though coarse clothing, was sent to her on the following day.

Chapter Second.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT:—THE DINNER PARTY.—THE PARROT.—THE UNHAPPY SERVANT.

No sooner did the lonely little child, who at this time was known only by the name she had borne at the Institution, "Bessie Kelly," find herself restored to liberty, and removed from the uncongenial atmosphere of the Institution to the kind nurture of her adopted parent, than her faculties developed themselves with rapidity. Like a bird escaped from its cage, she appeared to delight in every exercise of her liberated powers, and with the budding gratitude that afterwards showed itself to be a strongly rooted quality of her disposition, she appeared to delight in obeying every command and anticipating every wish of her maternal friend. Miss Hartley watched with deep interest and growing affection the expanding

character of the child she had adopted, and was surprised to find that she was wholly free from the faults which the wretched influences to which she had been exposed had led her to expect.

Though timid and reserved in manner, she displayed even in minute actions a single-minded truth and patient fortitude, that evinced no less strength than uprightness. But what appeared even more wonderful, considering the society by which from her very infancy she had been surrounded, was the innate refinement of her mind and feelings, which expressed itself in all her habits and actions. She also showed great dislike of low society, and though kind and considerate to servants and inferiors, instinctively avoided all unnecessary contact with them.

As the child did not appear to be more than four or five years old when Miss Hartley adopted her, this affords a strong presumptive proof of what the child's testimony afterwards confirmed, that during her residence with the people who had charge of her, she had been treated as a superior, and not accustomed to mix with them on terms of equality. Otherwise it would have been scarcely possible for so young a child to have retained the intuitive perception she evidently possessed of her own rank. Upon one occasion, while at the sea-coast, a friend came to spend a few days with Miss Hartley. Feeling at a

loss how to dispose of the child at dinner, as the people of the house were not such as she could entrust her to, her protectress desired her to wait by her side, and hand the plates to the guests, promising afterwards to give her a piece of veal pie, which was at table; but on a plate being given to the child, she threw herself on the floor, crying bitterly, and exclaiming,

"Oh! I cannot, I cannot, don't ask me; I don't want any dinner, but pray do not ask me to do this." She was carried out of the room in a passion of tears.

Two or three years afterwards she was reminded of this incident, and asked if she could remember the feelings that had caused her so much distress. She replied that she had acted foolishly, but could not help it. She had felt it a disgrace to wait at table like a servant, and added,

"I wonder how I could be so foolish when I was little. When I was at the Institution I did not like to play with the children, I thought them much beneath me, and yet none of them, I am sure, were so friendless and so badly off as I was; but indeed they were so filthy, I could not bear to touch them. Then I had no shoes, and I could not run and play on the rough ground."

"But almost all the children were without shoes

and stockings," said Miss Hartley, "yet they ran and danced merrily."

"I know they did," replied the child, "but I wonder how they could; I am sure I could not."

"But you never had shoes, I think," replied her protectress, "until you came to live with me."

"Yes," said the child, "I had once a pair of nice little red boots."

"Who gave them to you?"

"I do not know."

"What became of them?"

"I don't know, but my nice little beaver was kicked under the table at the Institution, and lost."

Mrs. Hartley had a parrot, which had been taken with the little party to the sea-coast lodging. This bird was in the habit of being fed with sugar, and one day a piece dropped on a chair in Miss Hartley's room: it lay there for several days, though Bessie was constantly in the room with her friend. At last she pointed it out to Miss Hartley, and asked if she might have it; the request was immediately granted, and Miss Hartley inquired why she had not taken it sooner. The child appeared surprised, and looking up, replied in her childish dialect, "O you know I tould not, it was not mine suga."

This was an early development of honourable feeling, which, up to the period of her adoption, the child

had certainly not been taught, either by precept or example; and though the misfortunes of her infancy doubtless did their work in cultivating the patience and fortitude that were so early called into exercise, and giving to her character a somewhat precocious formation, yet that a child so young should have maintained, in the midst of the contending and debasing elements which surrounded her, such rectitude, and such honourable and sensitive feeling, displays a strength as well as beauty of character, as valuable as it is rare.

Another trait of the little wanderer's infancy evinces a tender sympathy with others, in the sufferings with which she had too early become acquainted. In the house where Miss Hartley lodged, a wretched looking girl, about twelve or fourteen, was employed as a servant; she was scantily clothed, badly fed, and appeared besides to be often treated with a culpable degree of harshness. The unhappiness of this girl awakened strong feelings of compassion in little Bessie's mind; she begged Miss Hartley to teach her to pray for the poor orphan, that she might have friends and kind treatment. One day at luncheon the child suddenly left the room, carrying with her the food with which she had been supplied. In a short time she returned, and began to occupy herself in a distant corner.

Miss Hartley inquired what she had done with her luncheon. The little one came forward, leaned her hands on her friend's knee, and burst into tears; then looking up piteously in her face, "Please do not be angry," she said, "I did not eat it, I gave it to the poor orphan. Oh, you would pity her if you knew how badly they use her. Yesterday she washed all the lady's and the child's clothes after they were in bed; and now, though it is Sunday, they have turned her into an out-house in the garden, and won't give her any dinner. Please let me give her my dinner, she wants it more than I do. And do, oh do, pray for her."

Miss Hartley relieved, through the child, the present wants of the orphan, and afterwards repeated the case to a neighbouring magistrate, who took the unfortunate girl under his protection. Thus little Bessie's prayer was answered.

Chapter Third.

EARLY DEVELOPMENT, CONTINUED:—FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.—THE SEA-BATH.—THE UNDER SECRETARY.

At the period of her adoption by Miss Hartley, Bessie appeared almost entirely without religious knowledge. Miss Hartley was anxious that her first associations with the knowledge of God should be of a joyous nature, and choosing one bright and sunny morning when the child was contentedly eating her breakfast by her side, she spoke of God as a great and good Being, who loved her, and took care of her, who would take her to heaven if she trusted him, and who had given her to be Miss Hartley's child, that she might supply all her wants.

As her friend spoke, the child appeared absorbed. She did not speak, but sat with her porringer of milk in one hand, arrested on its way to her lips, her un-

tasted bread in the other, and her eyes and mouth open, as if to drink in each word as it was uttered. When Miss Hartley ceased to speak she resumed her breakfast with an air of silent abstraction.

To the principle of faith, however, though hitherto exercised in a human being only, the child was no stranger. Her confidence in her protectress, and submission to her will, led to efforts almost beyond her strength. Miss Hartley was anxious to try the effect of sea-bathing, and Bessie was carried to the beach. She submitted willingly though much afraid, but when plunged into the water, she screamed aloud.

Miss Hartley did not reprove her, but the bathing woman told the child it would please Miss Hartley if she did not cry.

"Do you think so?" said the child, "then I will not scream."

She was plunged into the sea, and remained silent; but the effort it cost was too much for the delicate little frame that encased so firm a spirit. When she was carried out of the water her face was livid, with black circles round her mouth and eyes. It was several days before she recovered the effects of this exertion. Miss Hartley did not venture to bathe her again for some time, and then carried her into the sea in her arms. The child now reposed with perfect

confidence, and was bathed without any agitation or alarm.

Strong and trusting in her affection, the little one was not less remarkable for the unselfishness of her spirit. Any appearance of self-interest in others, excited in her mind emotions of surprise and disgust. When she saw a little English girl, whom Miss Hartley had for a time had under her protection, flatter and caress Mrs. Hartley for the sake of the sweetmeats the kind old lady liberally bestowed, she would retire to a distant corner of the room, and gaze on the juvenile sycophant with looks of contempt, probably restrained from any other expression only by the gentleness and reserve of her nature.

Another marked feature in her character was her unbounded gratitude to all who had ever shown her kindness, and the tenacity with which she remembered even the slightest benefits that had ever been conferred upon her. An unappreciated instance of this she manifested to the under secretary of the Institution, when upon one occasion she met him with her protectress, some time after she had been emancipated from his care. When he had finished the business which had engaged him, and was about to retire, Miss Hartley was surprised to see the child come forward, take his hand, and say, "Good bye, sir; thank you, thank you." The secretary, a vulgar

and coarse person, who considered himself a great man in virtue of his office, looked down with contempt upon the child, angrily withdrew his hand, and hastened away.

Bessie was too much occupied with her own feelings to observe the manner in which he had received the artless expression of her gratitude; but addressing her friend, she said, "Did I not do right to take leave of him? you know I was a long time kept and fed at the Institution under his care, and though I was very unhappy there, it was not his fault."

For some years after Miss Hartley adopted the deserted little one, she continued under the constant influence of fear lest she should be again carried away. Upon one occasion she was taken by her protectress to see the departure by sea of the English orphan. When she saw the steam vessel and the other ships in the harbour, she became much alarmed, and resisted every attempt to take her on board of the vessel, or into the carriage which waited for Miss Hartley, and preferred standing by herself in the street, weeping with terror when any attempt was made to persuade her to go on board, and exclaiming,

"No, no, if I go into a ship it will run away with me; if I stay in the carriage it will run away with me."

When her protectress rejoined her, and they drove

away from the pier, she said, "Now I am away from the ships, I am not afraid they will run away with me," and she appeared to have no fear of the carriage when her friend was with her.

If she walked with Miss Hartley in a private street or lonely road, she often said in an accent of terror, "What would you do now if some one were to come and carry me away?" Miss Hartley satisfied her by saying she would hold her fast and call the police.

During one of these walks, as they were ascending a hill on a rather lonely road, the child said, "This is like Summer-hill. Nicholas Murphy lived near Summer-hill." Miss Hartley thought she had now found a clue to the locality from which the child had been brought, and set on foot inquiries in every place she could hear of bearing the name of Summer-hill. But her efforts were vain. There were in Ireland many places of that name, but at none of them could any information be obtained.

The child was very young when Miss Hartley adopted her, and must at a still earlier age have been taken from her home, so that it was very difficult to obtain anything like a correct account of herself, or the least indication of the neighbourhood from which she had come. Miss Hartley, however, continued to mark every little action that appeared an indication of former habits, and to draw forth, as they were

revived by accidental associations, any recollections of the past that offered a hope, however remote, of identifying her. One day while engaged in play, Bessie saw a padlock, and said,

"I know what that is; it is a thing to lock people up. Plenty of times it locked me up all alone, then I was frightened, it grew so dark, so lonely, for there was no one in the house. Once Mrs. Keegan, a woman who lived opposite, came to the window and tried to open it to give me bread, but it was too fast shut, so she took away the bread, and I cried till I went to sleep."

"And how did you get out?" inquired her friend.

"In the morning Kitty came with the key, and opened the door. She washed and combed me, put on my clean white pinafore, and let me run out on the road as I pleased; and then I saw the great coach laden, which was called the Dublin coach, and sometimes carts of coal, but very few people."

Another time, as the child sat on the hearth-rug dressing her doll, she found a card. She was pleased with her treasure, and said,

"I know what this is for, it is to play with when people have company."

"What do you mean by playing with it?" inquired Miss Hartley.

"This way, this way," replied the child, moving

her little hand very gracefully, as if to imitate the act of dealing cards.

"Whom did you see doing this?" inquired her friend.

"I do not know."

"Where did you see it?"

"I don't know, I forget."

Upon another occasion, when the child was ill, an old piano was opened to amuse her, and she was allowed to touch it. She immediately sat down, though suffering at the time from the application of leeches, and with the air of a little lady, ran her fingers over the keys, saying repeatedly, "I must learn to play on the piano."

These little incidents, combined with her general appearance and manner, prove almost beyond a doubt that the child had been accustomed to the habits and accomplishments of polite life, and treated with respect by the people who had had charge of her, however much her comfort and happiness might have been neglected by them. But for the present no further light was thrown upon the mysterious origin of the little stranger. Miss Hartley attempted by her inquiries to elicit further information, and at last the broken thread of memory appeared gradually to re-unite, and one circumstance after another stole to light, though many particulars were still unhappily

wanting to make it available for the discovery of her birth.

The facts thus thrown together were drawn from Bessie at different times and by different persons. Directing her inquiries first towards the only connection the child had appeared to be possessed of at the time Miss Hartley found her, her protectress inquired what Biddy Kelly had done with her, as she had no home, nor father, nor mother.

"But she has a home," said the child," a nasty filthy home, and a father and mother too."

"Did you always live there?" inquired Miss Hartley.

"Oh no, only for a very little time, after Mrs. Kelly, Biddy's mother, brought me from Nicholas Murphy to Dublin under her cloak."

"Were you not always in Dublin!"

"No; I was far away among nice corn-fields, and green trees, and pretty blue mountains, till Mrs. Kelly took me on her back, and brought me to her filthy house, with dirty stairs and broken floor, and there I first saw Biddy, and Biddy's father, with a wooden leg, and Biddy's sister Mary, and a little boy; and they took off my clothes, all but my frock, and my nice new checked pinafore with sleeves, and put them on him, and a few days after Mrs. Kelly sent Biddy to carry me to the Institution.

"If I can find Biddy's mother," said Miss Hartley, "would you like to go back to her?"

At the moment this question was asked the child was leaning her little arms on her friend's knee, and Miss Hartley was startled by the thrill of horror which passed like an electric shock through her frame.

"Oh no!" she exclaimed, imploringly, "don't give me to her; I would rather go back to the Institution. Look," she continued, pushing aside the fair hair from her forehead, "see what she did to me." There, on the head of the innocent child, was a deep scar, evidently the remains of a wound inflicted by a blunt and heavy instrument. "They never would let me out of the room," the child resumed, after she had shown this mark of the cruel treatment to which she had been subjected, "I did not like to be there, so one day I went to the door hoping to get out. Mrs. Kelly saw me, and gave me a blow with something hard which hurt me greatly, and made a great deal of blood to fall on the hearth. But no one minded, and after a long time the blood stopped, and the place got well."

When such treatment had been endured by the unfortunate infant during her wanderings, it is no wonder that for some time after she was placed in happier circumstances, her mind appeared stupefied,

like one who had awakened from the horrors of nightmare, and it was only by repeated and apparently casual interrogations, the replies to which were carefully noted down and submitted to the child's own judgment, when time and kind treatment had developed her powers, that Miss Hartley, assisted by a physician who had attended her, and one or two other kind friends, was able at last to throw her touching history into the form of a connected narrative.

Chapter Fourth.

THE CHILD'S REPUTATIONS.—THE LONELY COTTAGE.—THE NOTABLE LADY.—THE BURNING HOUSE.

THE first ray of light that penetrates the thick darkness brooding over the deep of man's new-born existence, falls upon the face of her who is as God to the trembling being that lies cradled in her arms; the first sound that thrills the cords of awakening immortality, is that voice, the music of whose love speaks to unconscious faith of a glorious future. But the memory of the lonely child travelled back into the dim regions of infancy, and no mother's smile lighted its shadowy paths—no such voice echoed through its dreary solitudes. All was silent, cold, and dark—and alone, without one link of kindred or affection to her kind, a little islet in the waste of waters, stood the forsaken one. No memory of home held the infant

in its sheltering embrace, no brother or sister's voice had mingled in her play, no mother's arms had cradled her little form, nor mother's voice hushed her in the soft repose of infancy. A solitary cottage, in the midst of corn-fields and blue mountains, was the place where the child first awoke to conscious existence.

A rather elderly man, called Nicholas Murphy, with a care-worn countenance, appeared to be the owner of the cottage, and was with her there during the day. He was never harsh to her; but she could not remember his caressing or appearing to love her, and her little heart instinctively yearned for the tenderness that, if ever known, had been so at too early a period for her to remember it: she longed for some one to love her, some friend in whose arms she might rest. And the unseen though present Friend, yet unrevealed to her infant mind, was preparing for her such a haven of repose: but the time was not yet come for her to find it. At night, when the little being, whose consciousness of Almighty protection still slumbered, most required to feel that an earthly protector was near, she was wholly deserted. Nicholas Murphy quitted the cottage, and the child was left to herself, to brave all the terrors of darkness alone. These nights appear to have been times of great distress to the deserted infant; for she described

herself as often awaking in alarm; and not only suffering from fear, but from hunger, she lay awake weeping in her desolate misery with no human help at hand. Her cries reached the ear of a kind neighbour, a Mrs. Keegan, of whom she frequently spoke, and upon more than one occasion, she tried to force open the window, that she might give her bread; but in vain. These times of suffering were terminated by the return of morning, when a girl, named Kitty, who the child believed to be Nicholas Murphy's daughter, came and opened the door, washed and dressed her, and she thought gave her food; for she did not remember feeling hungry, except during the night. It was one amongst many proofs afforded by the child's early history, of a more than common strength of mind, that at so early an age night after night she endured these terrors, and as each evening declined must have dreaded their approach, without her intellect being impaired or her temper injured. When Kitty had dressed and fed her, she was allowed to run about freely all day in the open air, and this freedom of companionship with nature, probably, did much both in soothing her spirit and preserving her health.

She bore no name while residing at the cottage, and could not remember any by which she had been called. The people around her addressed her as

"Little One." She did not think she was in any way related to them, and they did not appear to regard her with any special affection, but treated her with respect as if from a sense of duty.

From the nature of his occupations, Nicholas Murphy appears to have been a small farmer, and some of his relatives lived at a larger farm near.

Amidst the distress and desolation of her present life, the child drew an inward support from one idea that possessed her. This was the image of a pretty lady, who loved her and would one day come to take her home; for the feeling that she was not at home never for an instant appears to have deserted her. This partially remembered home, for which her young heart yearned, was somehow associated in her mind with a large house visible at some distance across the fields, which the child, when dressed in her little white pinafore and permitted to wander about by herself, used to climb a bank near for the purpose of contemplating, wondering as she did so how she could get to it. The lady's return appears to have been the star of hope to which the child's expectation was constantly directed; and day after day she watched for her appearing on the lonely road along which her longing eyes were directed. But day after day passed and no one came; only the Dublin mail toiled up the hill, and carts from a colliery went by.

Still the child continued her watch; though each evening closed upon her hope deferred, the morning might bring its accomplishment, and meanwhile the image that filled her heart, dim and shadowy as that image might be, raised her above the overwhelming power of the trials that surrounded her.

One morning Nicholas Murphy was sitting at the door of his cottage, when a tall man approached, dressed in a large grey coat with a cape; he appeared blind, and was led by a little shaggy terrier, which he held by a chain; he had a long stick in his hand. Murphy addressed him, and invited him to sit down, saying, "Well, Thady, you are going your rounds." The child felt an instinctive dislike to the beggar, and crept away, so that she did not hear the conversation nor observe his departure.

Another morning (probably that of the day succeeding the blind beggar's appearance) arose upon the child's still unfulfilled hopes. Full of her old expectations, and unconscious, perhaps, of the heart-sickness she had not yet learned to know, she got on her accustomed watch-tower, and once more turned her gaze to the point where she expected her star to arise. She looked no more in vain; her long expected friend appeared in the distance, and a flood of joy rushed into her young heart at the sight. Descending from the bank, she ran quickly along the

road; a rising ground now hid from her the object of her ardent longings, but she knew where she was, and sped on her way, her mind filled with bright images of the future opening before her. Now she was no longer desolate, now she had found her rest; those arms to which she fled would shelter her, that heart love and care for her. She had found her home.

She reached the summit of the rising ground, she rushed forward to her long sought place of rest, and looked around, but the spot where she had thought to see her friend was void; all around stretched a dreary expanse of earth and sky, untenanted by the form that comprised them all to her. The sudden shock echoed fearfully through the waste that was long to remain unfilled in her young spirit.

While she stood paralyzed by the blow, a low moaning struck upon her ear. Even in the accents of pain that voice was not unknown. Looking around in alarm, she at last saw a gap in the hedge; towards this she timidly crept, and bending down, looked through. Long was it ere the dark spell of the sight she beheld passed from her young spirit. Long was it ere the icy chain with which it bound her was dissolved, and her lips dared to repeat that scene of horror, written on her memory in characters never to be effaced. On the ground lay the beloved being to whose embrace but a moment before

the infant had sped as the goal of all her desires. Life was ebbing fast away, while the only sounds that parted those lips whose accents of love the child had bounded to hear, were the moans wrung forth by the anguish of her death-wound. Bending over her, glutting the sight, of which in fearful falsehood he said that heaven had deprived him, with the spectacle of her dying pangs, stood her murderer, the wretched Thady. He held a knife, the instrument of his deadly purpose, in his hand.

A cry of mingled terror and despair burst from the lips of the child as she beheld this horrible scene.

The murderer turned, and fixing upon her his baleful glance, fiercely bade her begone, or she should share the same fate. Distracted with amazement, horror, and grief, the infant fled back to the midnight darkness of the unkindly home, from which hope, its only light, had fled. Had she possessed one friend in whom the confiding faith of infancy reposed, she would have told what she had seen; but surrounded only by objects of fear or distrust, her lips were sealed. In the vague imaginings of a mind strained by fear and misery beyond its infant capacity, she fancied that if she spoke of the scene she had witnessed, its horrors would return; and thus she was silent, and the fearful vision, unshared with

any human being, continued to haunt her sad and desolate heart.

The only beam that had cheered her lonely and forsaken life was quenched in utter darkness. The star of her heart had set, and she had nothing left. In her own artless and touching language she said that "All her joy and gladness were gone. Her heart was empty and gone down. Now she must be sad and lonely in her very heart. Now she had no one to love her."

It appeared to be on that evening or the following day, that the man, Murphy, was absent from home, and Bessie was left alone with all the new-born misery of her situation. Her infant powers were probably quite unequal to describe at the time what she underwent; and in after years, when she spoke of the past, touching and vivid as her descriptions were, there is no doubt that the softening veil of time and distance obscured much that must have well-nigh sapped the very springs of life.

Of this climax of forsaken loneliness the child appears to have preserved no record, but the relief sent in the moment of need by Him who as a Father pitieth his children, remains vividly impressed upon her memory. Mrs. Keegan, the kind neighbour who before had endeavoured to supply her with bread, came to her, and finding her alone, took her to her

cottage, the only dwelling that appears to have been near Nicholas Murphy's house. Bessie remembers when she entered the cottage an appearance of bustle and preparation as if visitors were expected, and she had not been long there when a woman and a soldier entered bearing with them a coffin. They placed this ominous looking object in the cottage, and sat down apparently fatigued by their journey.

The soldier spoke of England and of his master. The child became alarmed by the strange scene around her, and began to cry, when Mrs. Keegan took her in her arms, and carrying her up stairs laid her in her own bed, where, exhausted no doubt by all she had gone through, she fell asleep. When she awoke, which she thinks was not until the following morning, the soldier and the woman were gone, the coffin also had been carried away, and no one spoke of what had passed.

About this time Nicholas Murphy appeared to be unusually busy with his farm labours, and a man came to assist him, whom Kitty called "Uncle John;" a boy named Tim also sometimes worked with him, whom the child supposed to be his son. But the poor infant's condition was in no way improved by the increased number of those who surrounded her; still she was amongst alien hearts, and whether few or many made little difference. The boy Tim appears to

have disliked the child, but whether merely from his own temper, or from any other cause, she knew not.

One Sunday morning, apparently about the same period that the terrible scene of the lady's murder took place, Bessie observed that Nicholas Murphy dressed himself in his best clothes, and spent the morning at home, while Kitty made his breakfast. He then brushed his hat, took a book out of his chest, and appeared preparing to go to some place of worship, when a procession passed the cottage, composed of a number of men dressed in frieze coats and carrying sticks in their hands.

Murphy went to the door of his cottage and spoke to them, but did not join them. He then returned to the house, and if he had previously entertained the idea of going to church, he now abandoned it, and passed the day quietly in his cabin, reading to Kitty from the book which he had taken from his chest.

On the evening of the same day another sight of terror greeted the eyes of the unfortunate infant. The house across the fields, the paradise of her young imagination, so mysteriously associated with her dimly remembered home, was in flames. The strange protectors of the child stood calmly contemplating the work of destruction, without making any effort to arrest its progress, or assist the inhabitants of the mansion. Mrs. Keegan expressed pity for the

proprietors, saying she feared they would suffer greatly; but Murphy seems to have preserved an absolute silence, both regarding the event and its authors. The child wept piteously as she witnessed the ruin of her pictured home, while a fresh tide of lonely despair seems to have invaded the little heart so sorely tried. Now that her long-expected friend was gone, and her bright ideal home destroyed, she felt that she had nothing more to hope for or expect.

The veil of mystery that hangs over these events is still as impenetrable as that which enshrouds everything else relating to the origin of the forsaken child. Whether she is correct in associating the murder of the unfortunate lady and the destruction of the house with each other, and in believing them to be connected with herself, or whether she was in one or both cases deceived by some real or fancied resemblance, it is impossible, with anything approaching to certainty, to decide. That she was correct, at least, as regards the lady, is more than probable, from her at once identifying her with the image that so long had filled her mind. There is, perhaps, more room to doubt that the house was indeed the early home of the little wanderer, as it appears probable that whatever motive caused her to be removed from it, would have induced those who sent her away to

place her at a greater distance, where the risk of discovery would be diminished. Or, if she was stolen from her home, the ravishers would hardly keep the bird within sight of the nest from which they had torn it, liable at any moment to escape and return thither, or to be recognized by the parents from whom she had been taken. An accidental resemblance, too, was more likely to deceive her here than in the lady. But, on the other hand, the coincidence of the burning of the mansion with the murder of the hapless lady, throws a strong air of probability over their connection with each other. When the mystery of the child's birth is revealed, light will, doubtless, be cast upon this obscure passage of her history. Meanwhile, the truth regarding it can be known only by Him "from whom no secrets are hid."

Upon this occasion, as upon the still more terrible one that had preceded it, the child was silent regarding the agonized workings of her heart. Her tears alone showed that she suffered; but how little could tears, shed by a child if its doll be injured, reveal of a grief so awful and unnatural as that which preyed upon the poor infant's very vitals! Kitty, however, who appears to have treated her with a sort of kindness, not, perhaps, deep or wise enough to be either sympathy or love, observed her tears, and

taking her in her arms, soothed her till she fell asleep.

Upon another day, which appears to have been near the same period, probably a few days afterwards, Murphy was sitting in his cabin, when a woman entered. She was of a dark, forbidding aspect, and wore a long cloak and a beaver bonnet. Murphy called the child to come to him, and took her upon his knee, which was an unusual circumstance with him, while he talked a great deal to the woman, apparently giving her directions about the child. The woman at last asked her if she would go with her to Dublin, but the child, who from the first appeared to regard her with strong aversion, determinately refused to go, and the woman's promise to give her cakes and fine things, was without any effect. At last the child, who appeared to have been terrified at the idea of being sent with her, got away, and running from the cabin, took refuge with her friend Mrs. Keegan until she was gone.

Chapter Fifty.

THE CHILD'S RECOLLECTIONS, CONTINUED :—THE JOURNEY.—THE HALL OF MOURNING.—THE DEN OF MISERY.

At a short distance from the cottage occupied by Nicholas Murphy, there was a cross road, shaded on both sides with dark old trees. From the child's description this appears to have been, either then or at some former period, the avenue to a gentleman's house. Further on, upon the public road, stood a substantial farm-house, with a black hall-door and several windows. It was here that Kitty lived.

About the time that the dark, forbidding woman, who so strongly excited the child's aversion, appeared upon the stage of her stormy life, she was one morning taken to this farm-house, and introduced to the notice of an old lady who lived there, and who the child believed was Nicholas Murphy's mother,

The person whom Kitty had designated as Uncle John lived here also, and, perhaps, other persons, as there appeared to be several apartments.

The child saw a number of reapers at breakfast in the kitchen. When breakfast was over Kitty took her to the old lady's room. It was furnished with a neat, curtained bed, mahogany tables, and black haircloth chairs. The old lady was dressed in a black gown and white cap with black ribbons. She was active, but appeared to be suffering in some degree from illness. In after days the child often described old ladies whom she met in society as resembling this person, which appears to indicate her as somewhat superior in rank to those by whom she was surrounded. The child was placed on a seat beside her, and the old lady, putting on her spectacles, proceeded to read to her from a large volume which lay on the table before her, and spoke a good deal to her, apparently giving her religious instruction ; but the little one was too much engaged in examining the new objects around her to understand even the subject on which she spoke.

After this visit to the old lady's room, Kitty took the child in her arms and carried her into the fields, where she gathered blackberries for her. While they were thus employed, a black coach, with plumes of the same colour, evidently a hearse, followed

by one or two mourning coaches, passed up the shady avenue before described. Kitty stood watching them through the hedge. The child did not at the time understand what this procession meant.

Kitty remained in the fields with the child till the evening, when she carried her to the farm-house, not again to the cottage. Nicholas Murphy and several other persons were seated in the kitchen round a large fire, upon which a cake was baking.

The child passed that night with Kitty in a small room at the farm-house. She was awakened very early in the morning, before it was quite light. Kitty dressed her, and she was then placed in a cart, which Murphy had prepared. He put the cake which she had seen baking on the previous evening beside her, and then, getting up on the cart himself, he drove off, and the helpless little one, who, like a leaf swayed by the tempest, was thus moved about, without power or choice of her own, at the capricious will of men, was borne away from the scenes of her early life—the only place where she could claim a tie, even with inanimate things.

The road by which Murphy conveyed the child does not appear to have been the shady avenue, as she describes it to have been a straight road for some distance, and very bleak. They stayed to breakfast at what appeared to be an inn, where Murphy

fed her, and then resumed their journey. After this the road sank down into a dell, overshadowed with beautiful trees. The grass was smooth and green, and they appeared to have entered upon the avenue to a gentleman's seat.

Murphy stopped at the gate-keeper's house, where he gave his charge some refreshment, and unharnessed his horse. While resting here he had a good deal of conversation with the gate-keeper about some misfortune which appeared to have recently befallen the family. There was a large house in the park, surrounded with trees and shrubs, but the blinds were all down, and the house looked dark and gloomy. Murphy went out for a short time, leaving the child in the gate-keeper's house, but soon returned, and carried her in his arms to the hall of the great house. A maid was waiting there, who took her from Murphy, and carried her into a room where she saw a long box covered with very black cloth—probably a coffin, overspread with a velvet pall. The blinds were down, and the furniture was coated with dust. The maid remained there for some time with the child, who does not appear to have had any impression of fear from the objects around her. She was then carried into another room, at the door of which they were met by a lady, who took her in her arms and carried her to a four-post bed, upon

which she placed her, remaining with her. The lady was young, slightly formed, and of small stature. She was dressed in mourning, and appeared very sad. The little one appears to have felt quite at home with her, and instinctively conscious that she had now got into her proper sphere. There seems to have been no emotion of surprise at the size of the house or style of its furniture,—no feeling of uncertainty and bewilderment, such as the child of a peasant would naturally have experienced on being suddenly translated for the first time from her cottage-home to the halls of the great. On the contrary, the ease and facility with which she at once glided into all the circumstances of her present position afforded a strong proof that the refinements and elegancies of the higher classes of society were her native atmosphere, deprived of which she had been restless and ill at ease.

Whether the coffin at Mrs. Keegan's house was identical with that upon which the child now looked ; whether either or both were connected with the infant, brought into such strange juxta-position with them ; whether the form, awaiting, in that silent resting-place, admission to a sanctuary which no murderer's hand could violate, was indeed the hapless victim of the wretched Thady ; whether it was her own mother whom the child had beheld

perishing under the assassin's knife, and in whose silent presence she now stood—all unconscious that the arms that would have clasped her lay cold and lifeless there, that the eyes that would have shed on her the living beam whose idea had long been the light of her soul, were there sealed in death; whether the lady, who now cherished the infant with almost maternal kindness, was indeed bound to her by ties of a near consanguinity, and mourned in the departed a sister beloved,—all these are questions still shrouded in darkness, and their echo calls forth no response from the dim regions of the past.

One thing appears strongly probable, that unless the infant were in some way closely connected with the dead, no one would have exposed a child of such tender age to an impression so painful as that gloomy scene was likely to produce. If it were, indeed, the mother of the infant that slumbered there, the natural feelings of her surviving relations might prompt the wish that, in after days, she should have the comfort of knowing that she had bidden her an unconscious farewell. And thus the servant was desired to carry the babe to her mother's place of repose, while the feelings of the sister probably were too agonized to permit her to witness the heart-touching meeting.

If the lady who now received the child was indeed so near a relative, it may appear strange that the little one should retain no knowledge of her. Yet may not the confidence she appears at once to have inspired, have been the result of unconscious remembrance? But if the infant had now indeed found her home, the next page of her history is a strangely perplexing one. For the remainder of that day she was carefully and fondly tended, and she passed the night under the watchful care of her new-found friends. But instead of being now at once and for ever rescued from the rude guardian who had held her more in captivity than nurture; instead of being restored to name and place in the world that had treated her heretofore so hardly, the little wanderer was on the following morning restored to the man who had been so evidently connected with her unlawful detention, and sent forth again on the wide world alone, with no friend or protector to save her from the fate to which she was abandoned. The child gives no record of the feelings with which she left her new-found home, and perceived herself again under the power of Murphy. Although he had never shown her any marked or special affection, he had not been harsh to her; and her loving heart in after years retained a grateful remembrance of such kindness as he had shown.

She probably, therefore, felt no terror in being again committed to his guardianship; and she was too young to understand that she was leaving her home, if such indeed it was—perhaps never to return. But a time of suffering awaited her now, greater than any she had yet endured, save in the fearful moment of the lady's murder. Unsatisfying to her yearning heart as was the modified kindness with which Murphy had treated her, even that was to be withdrawn.

She was given back to Nicholas Murphy at the hall-door. Considering the mystery and concealment so marked in every transaction regarding her, the absence of it in this case appears somewhat remarkable. He replaced her in the humble vehicle that had brought her thither, and they proceeded on their way.

After having travelled for some time, they stopped at a town of which the child did not appear at first to have known the name, but which afterwards proved to be Dublin. Nicholas Murphy went to an inn, and inquired of the waiter for some one. He was told that he was not there, and seemed much disappointed on hearing this.

He conveyed the child through crowded streets, past butchers' shops, and often stopped to make inquiries. Once he stopped at a handsome shop,

and gave the child to a person behind the counter. This man placed the infant before him, sent for warm bread and milk, with which he fed her, and afterwards sent her up stairs to a handsome drawing-room, where there were a lady and a little child surrounded by toys. When she had been here apparently for a short time only, Murphy sent for her, placed her again in his cart, and proceeded with her along the streets. It was now dark, and the evening was rainy. For the first time she then saw street lamps.

Once more Nicholas Murphy stopped at the door of a grocer's shop, lifted the child from the cart, and, carrying her in, placed her on the counter. He desired her to wait there until he should return, and left the shop.

The infant saw her rude guardian no more; but in a short time the woman whom she had regarded with mingled terror and aversion, appeared. Who can describe the horrors of defenceless loneliness that must have assailed the unfortunate infant on beholding herself thus abandoned to this spirit of evil! Cries and tears, unrecorded by herself, doubtless impotently strove to reach some pitying heart, or call to her aid some arm of power to save; but those piteous implorings were stifled under the cloak of the wretched woman, and she

was carried off, a helpless captive, to her den of misery.

When the cloak was withdrawn from her head, she found herself in a room of forlorn aspect, filthy and comfortless. The door was broken, and there was a large hole in one corner, which apparently descended to the floor below. The inmates of the room were the husband of Mrs. Kelly (which the child afterwards found to be the name of her enemy)—a man with a wooden leg—and three children; the eldest, Biddy, was the girl who afterwards carried the infant to the Institution; the other two were a younger girl called Mary, and a little boy.

Soon after the child was carried into this dismal abode, the family sat down to supper round a large stool, which served them for a table, leaving her in a distant corner by herself, unpitied and uncared for. The man, Tom Kelly, appears to have been touched by some feeling of compassion, which he feared to show to his wife; for he threw a piece of herring and a potato to the little forsaken one when she did not observe him.

When the meal was over the family retired to rest, first laying the child upon a little straw in a corner of the room near the hole in the floor already described. Here, after all the fatigue of so long

a journey, and all the agitation through which she had passed, the poor infant lay down, unable to rest, from agonies of terror lest she should fall through the hole.

Probably from her nerves being worn out with the scenes through which she had so lately passed, the infant appears to have suffered a degree of terror upon this occasion disproportionate to what she had endured upon others still more dreadful, and unlike the fortitude so early and strongly developed. That her mind should have preserved its balance at all after such fearful and repeated shocks is extraordinary, and can only be ascribed to the watchful and tender care of Him, who, though unseen, unknown by her, was bearing her securely in his arms through the billows that would quickly have wrecked the little bark. She appears to have remained for a week or two in her miserable home. From the large baskets of clothes which she saw, she supposed that Mrs. Kelly took in washing, and thus contributed to her family's support.

Upon one occasion she was taken to the house of a respectable-looking dairy-woman, whom Biddy called Aunt Betty. This little visit came to the forsaken infant, in the hour of her deepest darkness, like a gleam of sunshine in a stormy night. The good woman took the little castaway on her lap,

smoothed the neglected curls—once, perhaps, some fond mother's pride—fed her, and laid her to sleep under the counter; a strange and homely cradle, yet bearing to the desolate child the long lost charm of protected sleep.

To the infant, yet unaccustomed to the transition from waking to sleeping life, yet ignorant of the almighty Guardian who watches alike over its action and repose, how fearful is unprotected sleep! The feeble arms stretching forth to the visible protector in whom it trusts, and finding itself deserted, how dreary is its fall into the unknown—how startling its awaking to the yet unfamiliar world, where no soft tone, no kindly smile, welcomes it back!

From such calm protected sleep, the poor babe was rudely awakened by the wretch into whose power she had fallen. Mrs. Kelly broke the spell that enchained her, and snatching her up in her arms, entered into a loud and angry altercation with the pitying dairy-woman, who apparently wished that the child should be left with her. The dispute terminated unfavourably for its unconscious object, and the little one was carried back to her unsheltering home.

During her stay in this miserable abode, the child was never allowed to go out. One day she attempted to steal into the passage, probably with some thought

of escape; the woman saw her, and struck her violently on the forehead with some heavy instrument which she held in her hand. The wound must have been deep, for the mark remains to the present day; the blood flowed copiously, but no compunction appeared to touch the heart of the wretched creature. There she stood, whose mission on the earth was love, changed to a spirit of evil, and beheld the blood her hand had drawn forth from the little one committed to her care, flow on the ground unstanched, while the anguish that filled the poor infant's heart was unpitied and unsoothed.

The kindness denied the little unfortunate by her whose special duty it was to bestow it, might perhaps have been given, in some measure, by the lame man, whose breast the yearnings of human pity appear not to have forsaken. But he was rarely in his house, as he was employed in cleaning scales for grocers.

The clothes, which were now the only relics of her former state, were taken from the child, and given to Mrs. Kelly's boy; only her frock and bonnet were left. It appears inexplicable that while everything that contributed to the warmth and comfort of the infant was thus taken from her, those things alone by which she might be identified were suffered to remain, and not concealed in Mrs. Kelly's hovel, but

put upon the child when she was sent to the Mendicant Institution.

This deliverance from her present abode into one at least more tolerable, took place a few weeks after she was taken to Mrs. Kelly's. One evening before the return of her husband, Mrs. Kelly gave some directions to her daughter Biddy; who, when her mother had finished, took the child in her arms and carried her from the house. At the door she was stopped by Mrs. Kelly, who, shaking her clenched hand in the child's face, desired her with a frown to tell every one that her name was Bessie Kelly, and added fiercely that if she did not do so, she would strangle her. Biddy carried her in the first place to aunt Betty's house, where she was again treated with kindness, and fed with warm milk and a roll. Biddy then took her away from this place of refuge, humble as it was, and going with her into a court or entry, sat there with the poor infant during the cold and dreary night. As soon as the gates of the Institution were opened, Biddy carried her thither; and representing the child and herself as destitute orphan sisters, they were admitted. The little one was not questioned; and it seems strange that no surprise was excited by her appearance and dress, so different from those of her pretended sister, and that

no inquiry was instituted into the cause of a disparity so unaccountable.

Immediately on her admission to the Institution, the flaxen curls of the child were cut off close to her head. The cold she felt from this deprivation was probably the exciting cause of the inflammation which attacked her eyes.

She was placed in the infant school; and now, though the blows and cruel treatment which had afflicted the little sufferer at Mrs. Kelly's no longer assailed her, the delicacy of her frame and former habits probably caused her a degree of suffering scarcely inferior, from the cold to which she was exposed, the associates who surrounded her, and the absence of those tender and individual cares which a public Institution, however well regulated, cannot afford.

But the Father of mercies, who knew that this little forsaken being had already suffered almost to the limit of the fragile form and tender spirit's endurance, was preparing for her a port of peace, where, ere many weeks had passed, the little bark, tempest-tossed and almost a wreck, was safely moored.

Chapter Ninth.

EVIDENCES OF THE CHILD'S ORIGIN.—HER FORTITUDE AND PATIENCE.—THE OFFERED GUARDIAN.

THE preceding narrative was all that the most careful and repeated inquiries could elicit of the child's remembrances of herself; and it still leaves her origin and relations enveloped in obscurity. That she did not spring from the class of society in which she was found appears very evident, not only from her own simple narrative, but from the refinement of her mind and manner, her dress, and various other indications sufficiently apparent to those about her. One feature considered to be peculiarly a mark of gentle blood she possessed, in the small, white, and well-formed hands and nails, which had evidently owned no habitual contact with the habits of a cabin. At one period of her infancy, too, she had

been the object of careful solicitude, for her arm bore the marks of a skilful vaccination; but as the child did not remember this operation, it had probably been performed at a very early age.

At the period when she was adopted by her kind protectress, she was probably little more than four years old; as, for two years afterwards, she did not change her first teeth, and for a considerable time she could not speak plainly. Yet, for some inexplicable reason, Biddy had declared on their admission to the Institution that she was nine. At the period when Miss Hartley adopted the forsaken infant, her health was extremely delicate, and the first exercise of her friend's care was to procure for her the advice of a skilful physician. He pronounced her to be perfectly free from any organic disease, but said that her constitution was greatly injured by low living, the deprivation of cheerful exercise, and the unnatural pressure of mind and feeling under which she had so long laboured.

Many of the remedies prescribed were painful in their nature, and repulsive to a child; but to all she submitted with the most patient docility. To restore the sense of hearing, which had been affected, a blister was directed to be placed behind the ear. This was done when she was in bed; during the night it fell off, when the courageous little one of

her own accord replaced it, and held it on till it adhered. Nauseous and bitter medicines were also prescribed, which she swallowed with perfect willingness; but a still greater trial of her courage and submission was borne with the same patient docility. She was suffering from a bad cough, to remove which, leeches were applied to her throat and chest. She was much afraid of them, but on her kind friend's assurance that they would do her good, she submitted with all the composure and firmness that had characterized her on former occasions. Whilst they were on, she said she would try to amuse herself so as to divert her thoughts, and she made strong efforts to do so.

The inflammation which had attacked the child's eyes in the Institution still continued, and a white spot upon one of them threatened the loss of sight. To remove this, a very painful remedy was prescribed—the daily application of wine of opium. The manner in which this trial, to a child a distress of no small magnitude, was borne, appears wonderful in so young and feeble an infant, and manifests a strength of character, with which, no doubt for wise and merciful purposes yet but partially developed, God had gifted her in an uncommon degree.

When this torturing remedy was about to be

applied, she would lay down upon the floor, and there stretching herself at full length with her hands extended by her side, lest she should be tempted to interfere with her friend's operations, in this attitude of endurance she prepared for the daily repeated agony. The pain was so excessive that for some minutes after the liquid had been dropped into the eye, all her powers of endurance could not prevent her writhing upon the ground; she would then arise and calmly prepare each day to undergo a repetition of the terrible application.

In the sufferings of her early childhood, this natural fortitude no doubt sustained her in a manner no less strange than merciful, and bore her through trials that would have destroyed the life and reason of many a child, not only without serious injury, but perhaps with lasting benefit to her character and powers of usefulness; for God sends no discipline in vain, though the folly of man too often frustrates his wise designs. But He, to whose eye the mysterious history still hidden from man is all unveiled, knows his purpose in the future; and whatever that may be, certain it is that no natural gift can be improved, no talent put out to usury, that will not find its sphere of use as well as its eternal reward.

The unremitting care of the kind physician was

at last crowned with success. Bessie was restored to the perfect use of her sight and hearing, and neither eye nor ear was again similarly affected. She has ever since that period remembered gratefully the care and kindness of this benevolent physician, and of others who subsequently attended her, and his garden, his dog, and the fruit with which he regaled her, are amongst the happy reminiscences of her childhood.

The contented and cheerful spirit, which extracts the sweetness out of circumstances even partially painful, and thus gratefully rejoices in all the good that the Lord our God bestows, glorifies our Father in heaven; and both in the sunny gladness of his own spirit and in his influence upon others, such a man is truly "blessed in his deed."

As the health of the little sufferer was now in some measure restored, her protectress thought she might derive still further benefit from sea air and the society of young companions; with this hope, she placed her in the family of a respectable person living on the coast, who had a large family of young children. The air appeared to benefit little Bessie, so that her kind friend resolved to leave her there for some time.

While here, Bessie appears to have played contentedly with her little companions, but she was

subjected to one annoyance which gave her much distress. The children of the family were accustomed to repeat their prayers aloud, apparently without much regard to the sacred import of the words they used. They could not understand Bessie's silent prayers, and by various little playful devices tried to disturb her when she was thus engaged. Many children, very many of maturer age, would have been driven by ridicule from the blessing of drawing near with confidence to pour out the heart to Him whose human nature has sounded, as his divine power has formed, its deepest recesses; but the little one chose a wiser path of extrication from her difficulty. She found a quiet out-house to which she could retire unperceived, and here in peace enjoy the privilege which she evidently prized; though whether the inward breathings of the Spirit of God, or the instruction and example of her friend, acting on a mind naturally grateful and affectionate, formed the chief source of these early aspirations, it is perhaps impossible to ascertain, and fruitless to inquire. It is well to sow the seed of God's truth in the fresh soil of the young spirit, but evil to risk its growth by uncovering the delicate germ to see whether it flourishes.

About this time another home was offered to the little orphan; which, had the plan been carried

out, would materially have changed her destiny. A lady who had heard with interest the strange story of the deserted child, sent to inform Miss Hartley of what she thought likely to prove a valuable opening for her charge. A gentleman farmer in a neighbouring county was anxious to adopt a child, in order to fill the void in his heart and home, caused by the desertion of his own and only one. This unnatural daughter had been sent by her parents to Bath, to receive there a higher style of education than their own neighbourhood afforded. Their object was attained; but the ungrateful child, instead of returning joyfully to her parents, to exercise for their comfort those acquirements their self-denial had procured for her, showed herself, however accomplished, to be devoid not only of right feeling but of sound judgment, by despising the home whose kindly charities were a thousand-fold more valuable than all she had acquired, and preferring to remain an exile with the empty portion she had chosen. Her disappointed parents, unwilling to constrain the mere bodily presence when the heart was far away, did not force her return; but grieved and wounded in their tenderest feelings, they sought in a stranger for the gratitude and love their own child had denied them. The gentleman had heard the story of the little orphan,

and feeling much interest in it, had expressed a desire to see her.

For this purpose Miss Hartley brought the child to town; and fearing that her extreme timidity might be difficult to overcome, she bought a doll, which she did not produce until the gentleman was in the room, hoping thus to absorb the little one's attention. Her plan succeeded, and for some time Bessie was so charmed with her new acquisition, that her friend and proposed guardian conversed without interruption. The import of the conversation, however, at last appeared to penetrate her mind. She threw away the doll so highly prized but a moment before, clung to her friend's knee, and bursting into tears, wept piteously.

"Oh, don't give me away!" she cried, "let me stay with you. Oh, don't give me to any one."

Poor babe; she had learned by bitter experience what it was to be given away, To pass from the bosom, where her infant head had reposed, to alien arms—to go from familiar scenes and a sheltering home—to be tossed on the wide world's rude waves—and she feared to be again torn from her refuge, and left deserted and alone.

Not in vain was the piteous cry of the little forsaken one addressed to her adopted mother. While every one present was moved to tears, she

soothed and comforted the child; and the gentleman, taking her on his knee, tried in the most winning tone to persuade her to accompany him. He was a person of pleasing character and manners, kind, liberal, and cheerful; he promised the child that if she would go home and live with him, she should have a pet lamb as her own, with a blue ribbon round its neck; and that Mrs. —— would give her apples and jam. He said she should be his little housekeeper and carry the keys—that she should run in the fields and gather daisies, and call him home to breakfast—and that he would give her a little garden with flowers in it, and a spade and wheel-barrow.

Sadly sophisticated and lost to the sweet instincts of nature must that daughter have been, who could prefer the vapid accomplishments and common-place routine of a fashionable boarding school to this lovely picture of rural life. It told with full power on the heart of the child of nature, and little Bessie listened with pleasure to these descriptions of beauty and delight; but an affection stronger than the love of beauty—the soul's native element—held her young spirit by irresistible attraction.

"Yes, that would be very nice," she replied at every pause; "but I cannot leave Miss Hartley. I should like to go very much if you would only

take Miss Hartley and her mother. Do pray take them."

The gentleman laughingly replied that he could not promise to take Miss Hartley altogether, but that he should be happy to see her and her mother as often as they could find it convenient to visit him. It was then agreed that the gentleman should return home and acquaint his wife with the proposed plan; who, if she approved of it, would return in three weeks to carry back with her the adopted little one, Miss Hartley promising during that interval to endeavour to reconcile the child's mind to the proposed change.

Already, doubtless, the forsaken infant whom she had taken to her home and heart, had made for herself no common place in the affection of her kind protectress; but with the unselfishness of true love, Miss Hartley rejoiced in the benefits which her adoption by this friend would afford, and believing that she saw in this timely opening the hand of God, she cheerfully began the task of needful preparation.

But the pain of parting with her adopted child was not in store for her. When the appointed time had come, instead of the arrival of Mrs.——, she received a letter announcing that the young lady at Bath, alarmed lest the adoption of a stranger

should interfere with her rights, and touched by interest, where duty and love alike had failed, had promised to return and reside at the home of which she was no longer worthy, provided the scheme of adoption was abandoned.

Chapter Seventh.

THE CRUEL SERVANT.—THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.—THE NAMELESS CHILD.—FIRST DAY AT CHURCH.—BAPTISM.

AFTER the proposed adoption of the child and the final abandonment of that scheme, little Bessie does not appear to have been again sent to the sea-coast, but quietly established at the house of her protectress. Miss Hartley was somewhat apprehensive lest the deprivation of society near her own age should be injurious to the health and spirits of her little charge; the more so as she was obliged to be frequently absent from her, accompanying her mother to pass the day at the house of an invalid friend, whose intellects were somewhat weakened by old age.

Upon one occasion she took the child with her to the house of this friend, but some expressions which

it was supposed the poor invalid had heard in childhood from servants, and now in her weakened state of mind made use of, perhaps without being conscious of their nature, so distressed the little one that she implored her friend never to take her there again. Her request was of course complied with, although it induced the necessity of leaving her at home with a servant, who, Miss Hartley afterwards learned from several quarters, was in the habit of treating the poor child most unkindly ; and this injurious treatment visibly increased the sensitive timidity which, despite the strength of her character, had been engendered by the trials of her infancy.

The child's usual place of refuge in her friend's absence was Miss Hartley's bed-room ; here she amused herself with looking at pictures (for she could not yet read), dressing her doll, taking care of a daisy planted in a coffee-cup, and nursing two sick leeches which had been applied to her chest.

If the parents and guardians of children could but remember or imagine the delight which the little ones, to whom every object in the still new world upon which they have entered possesses a mysterious charm, imbibe from the simplest materials ; and the endless combinations, partly real, partly imaginary, in which they arrange and view them, they would cease the fruitless and injurious toil

of preparing their amusements and shaping their occupations, and leave the new-born faculties, so often compelled to walk in shackles along a beaten road, to gather power and development from their free gambols in the arms of nature.

When little Bessie was called from her retreat to partake of the family dinner, she was again subjected to the injurious treatment of the unworthy domestic. She was compelled to sit in a corner, with her back to every one, and not permitted to turn round nor speak. The child appears to have borne this petty tyranny with patience, but hastened to escape from it and seek refuge again in her sanctuary, as soon as she had taken the necessary refreshment.

One day, on her return home, Miss Hartley found Bessie greatly occupied with one of her pet leeches. With much satisfaction she informed her friend that she had done a great deal of good: "The little leech was very, very sick, but I put it to lean its head on its mother's neck, and it was so happy there that it went to sleep, and I am sure it will be a great deal better when it awakes; and I am taking care not to disturb it."

"Poor child!" thought Miss Hartley; "have you an idea or recollection of the happiness of laying a sick head on a mother's breast?"

In the hope of eliciting some further information

regarding her early days, the child was carefully questioned. But her constant reply was, "No, no, I never had a mother, I am sure I never had, for I never saw one."

A short time after Miss Hartley had taken the little orphan under her protection, the child was one day playing in the breakfast parlour, when she suddenly stopped, and asked her friend with a serious air, whether it were "a sin to bless oneself for the Father." Miss Hartley thought she understood her meaning; but, wishing to hear the child's explanation, inquired what she meant.

"To do this," said the child, making, in the Roman Catholic form, the sign of a cross.

"Who told you that was a sin?" inquired Miss Hartley.

"No one."

"Did you not see Murphy and all the people in the country do that?"

"No, I never saw any one do it till Margaret in the Institution made me do it; and so I thought that perhaps it might be a sin."

Miss Hartley continued to draw forth her recollections upon this point, and found that she had never seen, either at Nicholas Murphy's cottage, or at Mrs. Keegan's, a crucifix, or rosary, holy water, or pictures of the Virgin Mary, or of the Saints. This

circumstance led her to conclude that the people amongst whom the child had lived were Protestants.

She had hitherto taught only the outlines of Christianity to her adopted child, without even naming differences of sect, or touching upon disputed points. But when Bessie saw every one around her going to church, she became anxious to accompany them, and earnestly requested her friend to take her.

For some time Miss Hartley put this off by saying she was too young. At length she complied with her desire, and the child was introduced to the holy place she had so long wished to enter. She was much interested by what she saw and heard; sometimes deeply attentive, and while standing on the seat beside her friend, she would whisper from time to time,

"What is the gentleman saying now?" "What did he mean by that word?" &c.

On her return home, she said she had seen many children at church as small as herself, and she hoped Miss Hartley would often take her there, for she wanted to know more of what the gentleman said, though she did not yet know the sense of it all; but she would be very quiet and listen, for she liked church much better than the chapel to which

she had once been taken while at the Institution, where she saw candles and bright things, but could not understand even one word of what was said there.

Bessie kept her promise of always being attentive at church. Upon one occasion she was taken by a lady to a place of worship where the clergyman, who was a celebrated preacher, was in the habit of using very vehement oratory and action. When she returned home, her spirits appeared depressed; and, with a look of alarm, she said she feared the poor minister was mad, for he had beaten his cushions very hard indeed, and she was afraid he would have leaped out of the pulpit.

Thinking that it would be an advantage to Bessie to receive religious instruction along with other children, Miss Hartley sent her to a Sabbath-school, the regulations of which she approved.

Upon her return from this school, on the first day of her attendance, she begged that Miss Hartley would give her a name, "The gentleman who asked all the children their names grinned at me when I said that I had no name but Bessie; so pray give me a name before next Sunday."

"Why did you not say Bessie Kelly?" inquired Miss Hartley.

"Because I hate that name," replied the child,

"and I am sure it is not my name, for I never heard it till Mrs. Kelly made me take it when she was sending me to the Institution."

"Why, then, did you not tell the gentleman whatever name they called you in the country?" said Miss Hartley.

"But I had no name there," replied the child "they only called me 'Little One;' and I am sure I could not say that to the gentleman; so pray give me a name."

"Try and think," pursued her friend; "you must have had a name in the country; and if you remember and tell me your own proper name, I will call you by it."

"Oh, no," replied the child, "I cannot remember it, I wish I did. I can remember the names of all the other people in the country; I am so sorry I don't know my own."

This entire concealment of both the Christian and surname of the child is one of the strongest proofs that there was some design, which deep laid measures were adopted to effect, in thus effacing every trace of her birth and parentage. The distinctive appellation which is the heritage of all would scarcely have been withheld from her but from some strong and urgent motive; and the effort thus to enwrap her origin in mystery succeeded but too well.

Ah! how often might the forgotten name, that no longer reached the ear of her child, be breathed to the empty air by the lips of the sorrow-stricken and bereaved parent!

This total oblivion of all designation led Miss Hartley to suppose that her little charge had never been baptized. Under this impression she resolved, at all events, to have the rite performed, even at the risk of its being a repetition; and herself to stand as sponsor. She communicated her desire to the clergyman of the parish, to whom she had previously related the strange story.

When this matter was arranged, Miss Hartley desired the child to choose the name she would wish to bear.

Bessie had read a story in which the name of Lucy Melville was given to a good lady who read the Bible to her children. This name she expressed a wish to receive; and by it she was accordingly baptized, and her baptism registered in the parish books. Her other sponsors were two young ladies of high family, and a Swiss clergyman and his wife, who had shown a warm interest in the child, receiving her at their home, and cultivating her intimacy with their own children.

This family have now returned to Switzerland, but still continue to regard their "dear godchild"

with warm interest, and have begged her to visit them in their native country.

Considering that it would be of use to Lucy, her kind friend now placed her at an infant day-school. Here she became acquainted with some little companions, whose parents showed her much kindness, and invited her to go to their houses as often as she pleased, to spend the evenings playing with their children.

Upon these occasions, Miss Hartley's servant was sent to bring Lucy, and, in a most inexplicable manner, dared, in the presence of the family, to speak to her with unbounded insolence, bestowing upon her every contemptuous and opprobrious epithet. The poor child, too early accustomed, from a hard necessity, to bear her wrongs in silence, listened to this vile abuse without reply, and, most unfortunately, without informing her protectress of the unprincipled conduct of the woman.

It was not until some years afterwards that the mother of this family inquired of Miss Hartley whether the servant who had been accustomed to come for little Lucy had left her service. Miss Hartley replied that she had.

"I am glad of it," said the lady, "for she was a savage. She used to treat that little gentle child so very inhumanly, that my sister and I often thought

we would go and complain to you, for we were sure you could not be aware of it."

How it was possible that the kind and apparently tender-hearted mother of young children could see an infant subjected to such treatment, and only "think" of taking measures to prevent its recurrence, is a problem wholly insoluble, except by the fact, alas! too visible before our eyes, that there are in the world persons in the main good and excellent, who "leave undone" the things that they ought to do, with much less compunction than they would "do those things they ought not to do;" yet the effect upon those around them might, perhaps, be far less serious, from such evil doing, than from the omissions whose burden they bear so easily. Might it not be well for such to turn their attention to the fact that the sins charged upon the miserable castaways at our Lord's left hand were entirely sins of omission:—"Inasmuch as ye *did it not* to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me"?

Upon one occasion, the kind old lady, Miss Hartley's mother, bestowed upon little Lucy the present of a penny. This was the first piece of money the child had ever possessed, and was more precious in her eyes, doubtless, than gold. Many brilliant day-dreams pictured the possessions it was to buy; and a doll's table, a saucepan, a cup, a jug, and twenty

other beautiful things, passed successively across the magic lantern of her mind, before the picture to be realized could be chosen and determined upon, while she awaited her friend's leisure to go with her to a shop.

Miss Hartley was meanwhile seized with a fit of violent spasmodic coughing. She hastily called for a glass of water, when the child, in the greatest terror, cried out, "Sugar candy! sugar candy! I have my penny in my pocket. Some one take me out to buy sugar candy. Take me out! Oh, who will take me out?" And she danced with impatience.

Her entreaties were complied with. She was taken to a shop, where she joyfully spent her precious penny, and, returning before her friend was quite recovered, she presented her treasure, which she had the satisfaction of finding immediately relieved her.

Upon another occasion, when Lucy was going to visit some little friends, Miss Hartley gave her a few pence to spend in sugar plums, which she might share with her companions. The child had often expressed a wish for these sweetmeats; and her friend was surprised to observe, on her return, that though the object of her desires was attained, she appeared grave and sad.

Miss Hartley inquired if she had been happy.

"Yes," she replied, but in a tone that signified anything but a ready affirmative.

"Did you buy the sugar plums?" pursued her friend.

"Yes," exclaimed Lucy, with sudden indignation; "but when I said I had money to buy sweet things, they all came about me, put their arms round my neck, and kissed and coaxed me greatly."

"I thought you liked to be loved," observed Miss Hartley.

"Loved! yes, I do like indeed to be loved," replied the child, drawing herself up to her full height, while her countenance strongly expressed the contempt which she felt; "but do you call it being loved to be kissed and coaxed for sweetmeats? Oh, I never could do such a thing!"

Chapter Eighth.

THE LAWYER'S QUESTIONS.—CONJECTURES.—DIVERSITIES OF OPINION.—THE VOICES OF FRIENDS.

ANXIOUS that no exertion likely to lead to the discovery of little Lucy's birth or parentage should be spared, Miss Hartley communicated all the particulars which, from time to time, she had succeeded in eliciting, to the Governor of the Institution from whence she had taken her.

He set on foot inquiries after the girl Biddy Kelly, and directed that if found she should be brought before him; but all his efforts failed, nor could he even discover in what part of the town she lived. He next directed his efforts to the child herself, hoping that his cross-examination might draw forth some particulars which she had not yet communicated to Miss Hartley.

He took the child upon his knee; and, while amusing her with his watch, tried, with all the sagacity of a lawyer, to draw forth any remembrances still slumbering unawakened in her mind. These attempts, however, proved entirely fruitless. All that the child could tell, she appeared already to have disclosed. One benefit did result from his exertions. Lucy's repetition of her own story to him so strictly agreed with what she had told to Miss Hartley, as to give the strongest possible corroboration of the perfect correctness of the child's statements.

Miss Hartley also related the story to a physician of celebrity, who was remarkable for his quickness of discernment, and extensive general knowledge. He listened attentively to the strange tale. When it was concluded he observed, "You may depend upon it this child has been put aside for some matter of property. I have known several such cases. At some future time you may, perhaps, discover her to be an heiress."

Two such cases had come under Miss Hartley's observation, in both of which the lost children were traced and recovered—one, a few weeks after its abduction, the other, not until several years had passed; but notwithstanding the distance of time, the child was identified and put in possession of the

usurped property of which it was the lawful proprietor.

She did not, however, feel convinced that little Lucy's story proved her to have been sent away or stolen from the same motive. Obscure as her origin thus continued to be, whether she owed her descent to prince or peasant, made no difference in her kind friend's care and feelings. Lest she should one day be acknowledged by parents of high birth, she took care that her education should not disgrace them; but under any circumstances she remained firm to her determination of never abandoning the child, whom a wise and merciful Providence had thus committed to her. She continued meanwhile to make persevering exertions for the discovery of Lucy's relations, circulating the story widely amongst her acquaintance, and writing to clergymen in various parts of the country.

Her information was received in different ways, according to the dispositions of her hearers. Some laughed at it as a piece of Quixotic eccentricity, with which they had nothing to do. Some, who preferred spending the riches of which the Sovereign of the universe had made them stewards, in supporting their own establishments, regarded it as romantic extravagance for one, who was not in circumstances of affluence, to burden herself with the charge of a

delicate child who had no natural claim upon her benevolence. Others there were who considered it a degradation to speak to or even to look at one who, under any circumstances, had been an inmate of a Mendicant Institution.

Strangely various are the errors into which even people who are destitute of neither principle nor feeling are prone to fall. One fruitful source of error, producing too often consequences which the authors would be loath to trace, is a prejudiced or defective judgment, and the aggressors in this manner very often are so, less from any natural incapacity, than from a similar error in those who have nurtured them. It is strange that while no one dreams of doubting our moral and intellectual nature to be equally the work of God, many, even good people deem it an absolute duty to cultivate and improve the first, while they consider that they best fulfil their vocation by suffering the second to run to waste.

One friend of Miss Hartley, an excellent old gentleman, for whom she entertained a high respect, told her that he thought her system a very erroneous one. "If she must take charge of the child, why did she not bring her up in the kitchen where she might make herself useful by assisting the servants."

"I do not want an assistant in the kitchen,"

replied Miss Hartley; "but I do want an intelligent little companion for my mother, to read to her in my absence. I have taken several young ladies successively with this view, but as soon as they could find more amusing situations they have left me. If this little child's friends do not claim her, I mean so to educate her as to fit her to be my friend and companion in old age. You are surrounded," she continued, "by affectionate children and grandchildren, but if I outlive my older friends I shall be alone in the world."

Good as this reasoning might be, however, it failed, as good reasoning from time immemorial has failed, in convincing its opponent, and the old gentleman remained firm to his original opinion.

"It is a foolish plan," he declared; "how seldom do children who are thus taken from charity turn out well."

"I grant that it is so," replied Miss Hartley, "but it is chiefly because people adopt your plan. They send them to the kitchen to learn cunning, vulgarity, and flattery; they make them the slaves and tools of servants, then bring them to the drawing-room to practise the arts they have acquired, and to add pride and vanity to the lessons they have learnt. They teach them to act a double part, and then expect them to retain a single hearted and amiable character.

This child naturally turns from coarseness and vulgarity; I will cultivate that taste to the utmost of my ability."

"To be sure," responded the old gentleman, laughing; "you are wiser than any one, and must always have your own way, so take it now and see the fruits."

Chapter Ninth.

LUCY'S FEARS.—THE CRADLE OF REPOSE.—REVERSES.—THE INVALID LADY.—JEALOUSY.

TIME passed tranquilly on in Lucy's happy home. The amiable old lady at the head of the family continued to enjoy good health. Miss Hartley's sister did not reside constantly with her, but her occasional visits added to the happiness of the child, while the few visitors who frequented the house took their tone from all they saw around them, and treated Lucy with kindness. These were happy days, and whether Lucy repeated her simple lessons to her kind friend, accompanied her in her walks, or sat on her knee in the evenings, listening to stories from history, for which, even at this early age, she showed a strong taste, all was pleasure, the sweeter, doubtless, from the early hardships which had taught her to prize the repose and love of home in a different manner from

those who have never known their loss. She listened to these historical sketches with great attention, and in her childish way reasoned on the facts she heard. "Oh fie," she would say, "the king ought to have kept his promise, he ought to have been kind to the friends who helped him. Why did he do so? How could he bear to go to war and have so many people killed, only because he was offended; when the Lord Jesus bids us forgive our enemies? But tell me again about that other king, he was so good; he had a great deal of trouble, but at last God blessed him. Oh! it must be very difficult to be a king, I should not at all like to be a queen, for fear I should not govern well."

Lucy found it a laborious task to learn to read, but she determined to overcome her difficulties as quickly as possible, that she might be able to read to Mrs. Hartley, and become acquainted with all the books in the library. In a very short time the child's persevering efforts overcame every difficulty, and she read fluently. With perfect comfort Miss Hartley was now able to spend the mornings from home, occupied with other necessary engagements, for she left with her mother a true-hearted and attentive little companion, who read to her, executed her commissions, and remained constantly with her, striving to the best of her ability to make herself of use.

One fear, perhaps originally awakened by the terrible situations in which she had been placed, Lucy retained in happier circumstances—a great dread of darkness and solitude. Miss Hartley did not encourage this timidity, while she equally avoided all harsh repression in her efforts to remove it.

One night, long after little Lucy had been sent to bed, Miss Hartley went to the room in which she slept, and found the child awake and appearing very uncomfortable, pale, and restless. She inquired what was the matter. The child replied that she was "afraid of the dark."

"Do you not remember," said her friend, "that we read in the bible 'the eyes of the Lord are in every place,' the darkness is no darkness to Him. He is about our path and our bed."

"Oh I forgot that;" said the child, "well, if He is then at the head of my bed, He will not let any harm happen to me."

"He will not let any harm happen to me." This was the rest of the little child whose "soul lay in faith as in a cradle," and it has been, and will be in all ages, the rest of apostles, prophets, heroes, the greatest and the wisest men, who, becoming as little children, have thus entered into the kingdom of God. In this confidence, David on the eve of battle, St. Peter in the prison, St. Paul the night before his

trial, even as this little child, under the guardian eye of her Father in heaven, could lay them down in peace and sleep, "for thou Lord makest them to dwell in safety."

In the midst of this tranquil happiness Mrs. Hartley, now far advanced in years, was attacked by a serious illness. The opinion of the physician in attendance was so unfavourable, considering it to be a breaking up of the constitution, that Miss Hartley, anxious to devote herself entirely to the care of her aged parent, considered the propriety of giving up her situation, although the liberal salary she received was of more importance than ever, from the increased requirements of her mother.

While she deliberated on this point it was decided for her. She was informed, with much kindness and many expressions of regret, that the circumstances of the family in which her situation had been held, rendered it necessary for them to relinquish the benefit of her attendance. This, although in some respects what she had desired, increased to a painful degree the difficulties of her position. She was deprived of a liberal income at the very time when the comforts it procured were more than ever necessary for her feeble and suffering parent. She was obliged to leave her handsome and comfortable house, and remove to one affording less accommodation, and saw the proba-

bility of being obliged to confine her expenditure within the limits of Mrs. Hartley's narrow income. Yet amidst these felt and feared privations, the idea of relinquishing her charge did not for one moment enter Miss Hartley's mind. She trusted in the Lord that he would provide for the little one he had cast upon her care, and the ties of both love and duty were far too strongly bound for any change of circumstances to rend them asunder.

For a time her heart sunk under the pressure of trials, new and well nigh overwhelming, but the word of the Lord came to her in whispers of peace and consolation, "Trust in the Lord, and verily thou shalt be fed." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths." Her despondency vanished, and hope and peace repossessed her breast. "Shall I cease to trust in Him who has led me hitherto?" she thought; "Is not the silver and the gold the Lord's? He will provide; or if it be his will that I should be tried by poverty, his will be done."

The Bestower was also the Rewarder of this confidence. In that and every succeeding difficulty he has supplied the wants of his servant according to his promise, "They who seek the Lord shall not lack any good."

For a time Miss Hartley removed to a lodging. Her room in this house was so small, that she

was obliged to construct a cot for her little charge in the drawer of an old wardrobe, where the child slept comfortably.

The mistress of the establishment did not reside in it, but left servants to attend upon the lodgers.

Some time after Miss Hartley became an inmate of this house, the number of its occupants was increased by the arrival of a lady from India, in delicate health, and very straitened circumstances. The fact of the invalid's poverty soon became known to the servants, who consequently treated her with unprincipled neglect. Miss Hartley deeply compassionated the situation of this unfortunate stranger, but Lucy, not only pitying, did her utmost to serve her. She toiled unceasingly to supply the defect in the servants' attention, running up and down stairs without regard to her own fatigue, and treasuring up every little dainty presented to herself, in the hope of its tempting the sickly appetite of the stranger.

"Do let me bring up this bit of pudding," she would say, "indeed I do not want pudding, I have had quite dinner enough."

"She is a sick stranger," she would reflect, "far away from her friends, how can any one be cruel enough to neglect her?" Whilst the lady remained in this country, Lucy continued to offer her every

little attention that circumstances permitted; but since this period she has heard nothing of her after history.

Compassion is natural to children. Their young untried hearts, still unused to the spectacle of human suffering, feel it with an acuteness too often blunted in after life. But the trials of Lucy's infancy acting upon a character of susceptibility, probably gave to her sympathy a power and depth rarely to be found in childhood. But gentle and tender as were her feelings, an innate sense of self-respect, without which no mind can be justly balanced, restrained her from submitting to indignity. Miss Hartley had admitted into her family, as a temporary boarder, a girl about Lucy's age, who sometimes attempted to domineer over her. Lucy preserved her quiet patience under this assumption of superiority, and did not complain of it to Miss Hartley; but with calm dignity repelled it.

One day, as the two children sat under the table with their dolls, Julia, the little stranger, made a proud speech to Lucy, who quietly replied, "I will thank you, Miss Julia, not to speak to me again in that way; you know you have no right to do so, and I do not like you to command me, therefore pray do not again do so."

The children did not know that their conversation

was heard. The remonstrance, however, appeared to have its due effect, and Miss Hartley never again observed the child offend in the same manner. She was but a short time an inmate of her house, and Lucy did not appear to regret her departure.

This willingness to give up her little companion appears not to have arisen merely from the unsuitability of the children's characters, but to have owned a deeper and more bitter source. The strong affections of the child, twined round Miss Hartley as their only object, could bear no divided possession, and a jealousy, unworthy of her generous nature, appears to have been engendered by the dreaded rivalship of her little friend.

It is a common thing to class jealousy amongst the evil passions that exercise a usurped power in the human heart; and true it is, that when unregulated, and based on a false principle, there is hardly any passion which exercises a more baleful dominion, or more fearlessly sets at nought everything that would oppose its headlong course. But there is a jealousy which the Lord of hosts himself claims as an attribute, a jealousy based upon justice, whose motto is, "Render unto every man his due." This is consistent with that true generosity which willingly sacrifices to the happiness or good of others, not merely what is of too little value to ourselves to

balance the pleasure of giving, but what is really dear and precious in our eyes—a jealousy which simply demands that justice should be rendered to all, and would as unwillingly encroach upon the rights of another, as see that others trespass upon our own.

When Lucy had attained her eighth or ninth year she became acquainted with some young companions, the children of a widow lady who resided close to Miss Hartley's house. This lady kindly invited the child to come as often as she pleased to join the sports of her own little ones, and from such visits Lucy would return with her cheeks glowing, and her spirits overflowing with healthful glee, and relate to her sympathizing listeners, Miss Hartley and her venerable mother, the charming sports they had enjoyed; the games they had played; the little rabbit and tame pigeon they had petted; the journeys in the garden they had taken; and above all, the wreath of flowers they had twined to crown the May Queen, around whom they had danced as she sat enthroned in the arbour.

Some time afterwards Miss Hartley changed her residence, but although the distance between them was thus increased, Lucy continued to visit her young companions. But their innocent happiness was rudely interrupted, and poor Lucy received her first lesson in the hollowness that sometimes lurks

beneath the fairest outward seeming. It is well that a child's faith in those around it should be established before it meets with anything to shake its confidence. It cannot advance far in knowledge of the world without discovering that there are those in it whom it must distrust, as well as those in whom it may safely repose; and this bitter lesson was learned, alas! by the forsaken child too soon. Long, however, after the world has been divided by the infant mind into the two grand classes of the evil and the good, it is difficult—perhaps, until painful experience has forced the conviction that such things are, it is even impossible—for the fresh and artless mind of a child to understand false or hollow profession, double dealing, or any of the sad complexities of evil; sad, indeed, that it should ever need to know them.

The house Miss Hartley had left was occupied by a widow lady of large fortune. It was arranged that Lucy's companions should become the playmates of the little heirs to this wealth, provided no other children were of the party. In happy unconsciousness of the blow that was preparing for her, poor little Lucy went one day to her friends as usual, when she was informed by their mother of the proposed plan, and her future visits were civilly declined. As the lady, however, was not expected till after the

New Year's Day then approaching, Lucy was invited to spend that evening with her *ci-devant* playmates. Deeply hurt by this sudden and unkind separation from a family to which she had become warmly attached, the poor child's feelings, of mingled grief and wounded pride, with perhaps a wish to shield her friends from blame, led her to hide the true nature of the circumstance from her kind friend, thus depriving herself of her tender sympathy, and of the wisdom that would have taught her how to act in a case such as she was unfit to meet. Merely saying to Miss Hartley that she had been invited to spend the evening of New Year's Day at Mrs. V——'s house, the consent of her friend was immediately given, supposing it to be an ordinary visit.

When the day arrived every one was from home but Miss Hartley and her mother. Even the servant had got a holiday, and a little errand girl was hired for the day to supply her place. Lucy prepared to fulfil her engagement, but when told that Peggy was to accompany her, as it was too dark for her to walk through the streets alone, she exclaimed in a tone of great disappointment, "Oh then, I cannot go, for I have seen Peggy speaking to ill-looking people, and I should be ashamed and afraid to walk in the street with her."

Miss Hartley, fearing that Lucy refused the girl's attendance from a feeling of pride, tried to persuade her to accept of it, but bitter as was the disappointment of giving up this last visit to her friends, the child remained firm in declining to go with Peggy; and as Miss Hartley allowed her to do as she pleased, she changed her dress and spent the evening at home, though tears often filled her eyes as she thought of the merry party of which she was to have formed a member. At this time Miss Hartley entertained a good opinion of the girl Peggy, but a short time after this incident, she was discovered to be a person without principle, and consequently dismissed.

Lucy was never again invited to visit her former companions. She was about ten when she met with this repulse, and the shock her feelings received continued to exercise an influence upon her character for some years afterwards, originating a habit of distrust, and a degree of unwillingness, foreign to her age and disposition, to form any new friendship. "The more amiable they are," she would say, "the more I would love them; and the more painful it would be if their parents were afterwards to act like Mrs. V——."

Towards young children only did she permit her affections their natural flow, and the sweet freshness of infancy which she met in these young playmates, was, probably, of essential benefit in counteracting a

tendency so injurious at all times, and so especially deteriorating in its influence on the young.

About this period Lucy was one day walking in the street with her friend, when a person in the dress of a gentleman bowed. Miss Hartley did not recognize him, but Lucy immediately said, "Do you not remember the very vulgar man who called on you the other day about business?"

This little incident affords another presumptive proof of the child's natural perceptions having been cultivated in infancy, by contact with society of a different description from that in which she was afterwards found.

Chapter Tenth.

THE KIND INSTRUCTORS.—BESSIE A SPARTAN.—THE TROUBLESOME LODGERS.—LUCY'S GRIEFS.—THE IMPATIENT LADY.—NIGHT BIRDS.—THE SWISS FAMILY.

FINDING it impossible under present circumstances to provide for her mother the comforts she required, Miss Hartley at last determined upon a plan which she trusted would enable her to accomplish the end she so earnestly desired.

She hired a comfortable house, and received in it a few ladies as lodgers. Some of these ladies were much interested in Miss Hartley's little charge, and as she was so closely engaged in attendance upon her aged and infirm parent as to leave but little time at her disposal, more than one kindly offered to give the child instruction in the different accomplishments, which, whatever her destination might be, would probably be of use to her in after life. One lady

proposed to teach her music, another to give her lessons in French. Miss Hartley had originally intended that her adopted child should receive only a solid English education; but she felt the advantage these instructions offered, and gladly accepted of the benevolent proposals.

Lucy's education now made great progress; she was fond of needle-work; but particularly so of reading, and some passages in Grecian history, which formed one of her studies, relating the hardihood of the Spartan children, made a strong impression upon her mind. She determined to imitate what she so much admired, and as a sort of initiatory process she began to habituate herself to walking without shoes or stockings upon cold flagstones, and remaining imperfectly dressed in a room with an open window. Her constitution was not equal to these trials, and she caught repeated attacks of cold; for which her friend was at a loss to account, as these experiments had all been kept secret from her. At length she discovered the child in the midst of one of her attempts at self-invigoration, and Lucy now explained to her the object at which she aimed; but alas! her plans only resulted in a severe cold, which confined her to the house for some months, and left a delicacy of chest, that rendered her subject to a return of cough for several succeeding winters. The first step in error is

a dangerous one; well it is if, through the mercy of God, we are permitted to retrieve it. Lucy's first step had nearly cost her life, but the Lord had mercy upon her, and upon the kind friend without whose knowledge this sin of childish ignorance was committed. As a general rule all concealments are bad. In a child very decidedly so; because it is not the arbiter of its own actions, and therefore has no right to dispose of itself in any manner unauthorized by those to whom it is responsible. But at any age a habit of concealment, except in those cases in which prudence and sound judgment require it, is objectionable. Those in authority over us possess a right to our confidence; and towards those who have no title to interfere, strength of character ought to be sufficient for action at once open and independent.

All now seemed arranged on a footing which promised much domestic happiness; but a worm at the root embittered to Miss Hartley and Lucy what would otherwise have been so pleasant. Some of the inmates of her house were suffering from a state of health, which had in some degree weakened the mind, and caused a considerable degree of irritability in characters originally amiable. This was a source of very great trial to both Miss Hartley and her charge. These persons, aware of Lucy's situation, ungenerously made the

poor child a scape-goat for their impatience and irritability. Others, from pride, prejudice or jealousy, often acted towards her with extreme unkindness. Though feeling it deeply, Lucy rarely complained to her friend of this injustice; but when treated with rudeness, or falsely accused, an involuntary glance of contempt, or a dignified silence, formed her only reply. When this silence was construed into want of feeling, and the same injurious treatment persevered in and increased, Lucy would leave the room, and retiring to some quiet place, find relief in a convulsive burst of tears.

On several occasions Miss Hartley found her thus giving vent to her outraged feelings, and anxiously questioned her regarding the particular instances of unkindness which had caused her so much pain. "They accuse me," she would reply, "of things which I would not and could not bear to do or say. If I was another child I would scream and roar; but I cannot show ill-temper to your friends:" she added with bitter tears, "if I had a papa and mamma of my own, they would not treat me in this way." Miss Hartley deeply grieved over the distresses of her little charge, and many painful reflections presented themselves upon the unnatural conduct of the parents who had left their child exposed to such trials; but some reasons, satisfactory to herself, withheld her

from the decided interference, which, in her double capacity of mistress of the house and adopted mother of the child, she had a right to exercise, and which must at once have put a stop to conduct so unjustifiable. The poor child, instead of showing disobedience or rebellion under this perpetual irritation, did her very utmost to fulfil all that was required of her ; but while her efforts were accepted as the duty of a slave, the smallest failure drew down severe and lasting reprehension. Miss Hartley's mild remonstrance and entreaties that they would leave the child to her own management, only appeared to make matters worse ; and a part of the treatment lavished on poor Lucy fell upon herself. The claims of relationship and the narrow circumstances of the offenders, appear to have influenced Miss Hartley's amiable feelings, by inducing her to bear all this insolence without making use of the remedy that was in her power—that of requesting the ladies to change their place of abode.

In one instance the disappointment of cherished hopes was added to Lucy's causes of distress. A relation of Miss Hartley's was expected from abroad, to form an additional member in her domestic circle, and Lucy's imagination depicted the unknown in the most attractive colours. As Miss Hartley's friend, she expected her to prove a real acquisition,

and the child pleased herself with the idea of loving her and being loved in return. But, alas! her illusions were destined to be quickly dispelled. The stranger arrived, but the interesting and attractive creation of Lucy's fancy quickly vanished before the presence of a fretful and impatient invalid. The unfortunate lady was a prey to asthma, and the irritability consequent upon her disease was, perhaps, increased by her being accustomed to the attendance of slaves. She required constant attention, and complained if her slightest wish, even although unexpressed, was not fulfilled.

Miss Hartley did not wish that Lucy should attend upon this lady, probably feeling that the child's duties were already sufficiently arduous, and unwilling to add to their number. But a hope had inspired Lucy, which led her to bear all and do all within the limits of her power. This two-fold hope was that she might be of use, and that she might at last succeed in winning the lady's love. Why she should be so anxious to gain the affection of one so far removed from her sympathies, and apparently not particularly calculated to draw forth the feelings of a child, is rather inexplicable. Various are the windings of the human heart, but it is well to seek from Him who can trace them all the spirit of true self-sacrifice; for many motives by turns put

on the appearance of this emanation from God, and mingle with, even when they do not originate, our fairest seeming motives and most meritorious actions.

"Do good and lend" (your time, your talents, your efforts), says our compassionate Redeemer, "hoping for nothing, and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be called the children of the Highest, for he is kind to the unthankful and evil." And he who drank so deeply of his Master's spirit, declares, "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you all, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

Lucy's best efforts, alas! were again met by disappointment. The lady was not quick in discerning character, and while some hasty or unkind word, forgotten by her almost as soon as uttered, was rankling in the heart of her poor little attendant, and wringing the sensitive feelings too long and too deeply tried, she would express surprise, and blame the child for not appearing affectionate and gay.

"I shall never again try to make any one love me," exclaimed Lucy one day to her kind friend, weeping bitterly as she spoke. "I have now been a whole year working hard to do everything I could think of for this lady, to do her good and to make her love me; but it is all in vain. I am sure she will never love me, nor let me love her."

Miss Hartley advised her to persevere, and encouraged her with the hope that success would at last reward efforts so long continued and unremitting; but she could not but feel the truth of the child's remarks, and greatly feared that until it should please God to restore the health of her invalid friend, she would neither enjoy tranquillity in her own mind, nor suffer those around her to do so.

The lady has since recovered from her illness, but is perfectly unaware of the suffering which, for three or four years, her morbid irritability caused to a friend whom she really values. If this was in reality the unavoidable result of illness, perhaps it is well that its unfortunate subject should not know how evil were its consequences. The utmost extent of patient endurance, can never cost the object of such annoyance half the suffering that the unhappy subject undergoes from a malady so distressing. The lady is now kind to Lucy, who feels her former interest in her welfare, though no longer called to express it in so trying a manner.

But a source of more poignant suffering than any caused by the impatience and unkindness of those she tried to serve, was open to the poor child from the thoughtless cruelty of those around her, who, not aware, perhaps, of the extent of the pain they inflicted, but not the less to blame that their own

inattention blinded them to the truth, would talk before her of the friend in whom centred her world, and point at the little quivering heart barbed arrows that rankled deeply, though the wounds were hidden from their eyes.

"Miss Hartley will kill herself by her attendance on her mother. Miss Lucy, you must prepare your mind for a change; you will not long have any one to indulge you as Miss Hartley does. She will not long outlive her mother, or if she does, she will become deranged, and unable to guide herself or you."

These agonizing thoughts poured into the young heart, which was almost bursting with grief and sympathy for her only friend, had a most cruel effect on Lucy's health and spirits, and it was years afterwards before the effects of the injury done at this period were effaced. Very heavy is the guilt of those who darken the bright morning of life with visions of pain, and write on the impressible tablets of the infant mind characters of gloom, that even years may not obliterate. Let the bright and warm sunshine of love and joy first nourish the young plant into vigour; it will be the better prepared to bend, not break, under the storms that may sweep over its head. Childhood is committed to the tender mercies of maturity. Pity that the aspect of the nursery should ever look towards the north. The

forebodings of these night birds were wholly groundless. Leaning on Him "who giveth power to the faint," Miss Hartley was strengthened to the performance of the duties He had entrusted to her, without any of the dangers befalling her, that were so volubly predicted.

In order to remove Lucy, for at least a part of the day, from the depressing influences by which she was surrounded, and give her an occupation which would interest and relieve her mind, Miss Hartley sent her to receive daily lessons from an excellent teacher of drawing in the neighbourhood. She evinced a decided taste for the art, and made great progress; but the teacher after a time left the neighbourhood, so that Lucy was deprived of the benefit of these instructions. Miss Hartley then sent her to a day-school of high character, in a distant part of the town, where she received from the lady at the head of the establishment the most gratifying testimonials.

In proportion to the pain inflicted, by coarse or ill-tempered persons, upon Lucy's feelings, was the pleasure and gratitude with which she received any mark of kindness, or token of regard, from the superior minds who treated her with justice. "A kind word, or even a kind look," she would say, "rests on my heart like sunshine for many months."

And amidst all the trials that at this period surrounded her, such gleams were not denied to her. Her Swiss friend often invited the little forsaken one to play with her own children, with whom Lucy enjoyed happy times; and in conversing with Mrs. D—— she found an enjoyment, probably not less valued, though of a quieter nature. She had the happiness, too, of finding herself useful to this kind friend, who greatly prized her aid in the arrangements, preparatory to their leaving this country, and gave her much praise for her neatness and thoughtful care.

The clergyman would, as often as he had time, join the social circle, and read and converse with his family. The only thing that disturbed these halcyon days was the prospect of parting with the friends who formed their brightness. The dreaded hour at last drew near, the dear associates of these happy days bade Lucy farewell, and left Ireland on their return to their native land. At parting, Mrs. D—— gave Lucy a beautiful writing book, which she preserves with care to this day.

During this trying period of Lucy's life, a timely relief was also afforded to her by occasional visits to the country, where she spent the day with an agreeable family who showed her real kindness. Here she was in the habit of reading aloud, while her

companions worked, and these occasional suspensions of her cares were doubtless of much use in reviving her health and spirits.

Chapter Eleventh.

RE-APPEARANCE OF THADY.—LUCY AN ARTIST.—AN UNSELFISH NURSE.—CONFIRMATION.—FIRST COMMUNION.—THE COUNTRY BOARDING-SCHOOL.

One day, when Lucy was nearly twelve, she ran to Miss Hartley in great surprise, telling her that she had seen from the window the wretch Thady, whom she had such fearful cause to remember, pass up the Northern Road, accompanied by his dog.

Miss Hartley at first imagined it impossible that after so great a length of time the child could identify him, and fancied she must have been deceived by some accidental resemblance. But Lucy was firm to her conviction, and declared that she could not be deceived; his rough face, his grisly beard, and shaggy dog, were too vividly imprinted on her memory.

Miss Hartley desired her to call her immediately, should he again pass that way, and determined if this occurred to have him followed and arrested. It is a pity that the present opportunity of doing so was lost. The child appears to have hastened to her friend the moment she saw him, and his assumption of blindness would render it necessary that he should, when within sight of passers-by, be deliberate in his movements. Perhaps Miss Hartley lived far from any police station, and had no one at hand who could follow him. Much as the wretched murderer's escape, however, is to be regretted, Miss Hartley had doubtless reasons for thus acting, as her strong interest in her adopted child forbids the supposition, that she would willingly have suffered any opportunity to escape her of throwing light on her strange history. The re-appearance of Thady proves that the murder of the lady remained unknown, or that if discovered, at all events the perpetrator was still untraced.

Miss Hartley's venerable mother had now for some years been in a declining state ; she had lost the use of her limbs, and her faculties had become in some degree weakened. In this state she could not bear her daughter's absence, but was uncomfortable if she was out of her sight ; clinging to her as a child to its nurse. And now, even more than hither-

to, Miss Hartley reaped the reward that is promised to those who "do good, hoping for nothing again." When she was unavoidably for a short time from home, she left her adopted child with her mother, and knew that all Lucy's artless efforts would be employed, and not without success, in making the gentle invalid happy; she would read to her, would play with her lap-dog, and feed her parrot, and thus, by little loving devices, beguile the time until the wished-for return of her beloved daughter.

An idea took possession of Lucy's mind during her attendance on her venerable friend, which she wished, but hardly knew how, to execute. She thought it would please Miss Hartley if she could take a portrait of her mother, seated in her arm chair, with her little dog in her lap. Full of this project, she stood at a little distance contemplating her, and succeeded in making a sketch of the dog, and the footstool. But the harsh judges by whom she was surrounded construed this innocent effort into a fault, and on Miss Hartley's return, told her that the child had been rudely staring at her mother. It was no easy task, however, to infuse into the mind of Lucy's kind protectress any evil thought of her child; and the whole matter was quickly cleared up by her finding the little sketch in Lucy's copy-book, and her subsequent acknowledgment of her scheme.

Miss Hartley's time, as well as mind, was now so absorbed by attendance on her delicate and infirm parent, that her strength sometimes well nigh gave way. She procured her every gratification that could minister to her comfort, slept by her, and rarely left her room. She was sometimes told that she was killing herself, but those who thus prophesied, went about their own affairs, and retired at night to their unbroken rest without an offer of assistance; whilst the despised child, so harshly judged, and so unkindly treated, alone exerted her feeble strength to the uttermost, and worked or watched with untiring patience and devotion, satisfied if she procured for her friend a little repose, or for the invalid an hour's amusement. Sometimes she would persuade Miss Hartley to lay down on the sofa in the evening, saying, "Pray do, darling, I will not stir from Mrs. Hartley till you awake."

"I will lie down if you will call me soon, my dear Lucy," her friend would reply, and knowing how safely she might confide in her little substitute, Miss Hartley would take the needed rest, and, overcome by fatigue, fall asleep, and not awake perhaps until two o'clock in the morning, when she would find the little watcher faithful to her trust, while all the household slumbered around her.

When her friend arose, Lucy retired to bed, and at

seven o'clock, some one who had slept comfortably all night would shake the poor weary child roughly by the arm, telling her it was time to get up and go to school. She quietly complied, until one day when she had been thus roused, on trying to get out of bed, she fell senseless on the floor.

The person who had so thoughtlessly awakened her was alarmed, lifted her into bed, and called medical assistance. Exhaustion was pronounced to be her only illness. She was directed to rest quietly for some time, and nourishing and cordial food prescribed; she reposed for a few hours, and then hastened to renew her labour of love by the side of her friend. But that labour was drawing to a close. The tender and pious daughter was now called upon to part from the object of her anxious cares, and Lucy's loving aid was no longed needed to assist, but to console her.

Mrs. Hartley's mind was full of peace and of gratitude to God for his goodness to her. "He had been very good to her," she said; "He had spared her through a long life without any painful ailment."

She expressed a wish to see a clergyman—received the Sacrament from his hands, and blessing her children, calmly breathed out her soul into the bosom of her Redeemer. Her last words were, "Good Jesus."

Long as this trial had been expected, it fell with

stunning force upon the devoted daughter. Deprived of the object of her anxious and watchful care, she felt as if she had no longer anything to live for, and was only aroused from this state of half stupor by the pressure of difficulties, which painfully called for exertion.

A friend from abroad came about this time to visit Miss Hartley. His health and mind were somewhat impaired by long residence in an unhealthy climate, and the severe domestic trials he had undergone. He had lost several children, some under peculiarly trying circumstances, and Miss Hartley feared that seeing Lucy, who was about the age that a daughter of his would have been, might awake painful associations. At first, however, he appeared pleased with the child, but was afterwards led round to the opinion, that it was extravagant of Miss Hartley to support her, and now still worse than before, as the loss of Mrs. Hartley's income had diminished her resources.

When will the world learn that the duties and responsibilities of each individual demand his whole care and attention, and are quite sufficient for him without the additional charge of his neighbours? When will it give up the attempt to judge of things beyond the sphere of its knowledge, and permit every one quietly to discriminate and pursue his

own path of duty? This making ourselves busy with other men's matters, is a very different thing from the sympathy commanded by the Apostle, and enforced in the power of a perfect example by our Lord's life on earth; that sympathy which looks on the things of others, to comfort and to bless, and if need be to counsel too; but not in such a manner as practically to deny the right of private judgment, or dogmatize on that which is beyond our ken, nor so as to interfere with the personal responsibility of each created being to his God. Were they doing the will of the Lord, who thus sorely troubled his servant in that work of faith and labour of love, for which, when he cometh, she will not "lose her reward"?

At this time, a confirmation was to be held in the parish, and the clergyman who had baptized Lucy, urged her to be confirmed and receive the Sacrament. She hesitated and felt afraid, and Miss Hartley would not urge her, as her mind had lately been so much overwrought, that she thought her unable to bear further excitement. Lucy had always regarded the Sacrament with awe; and it truly shows a lamentable coldness and hardness of heart, when such are not the feelings with which so solemn an ordinance is contemplated; yet it need not terrify nor alarm; for nothing is required but the absolute and volun-

tary resignation of the whole being to the Redeemer, by whose power the weakest of His creatures shall be enabled to obey His laws and do His will.

The clergyman overruled Miss Hartley's fears and Lucy's reluctance, feeling it of importance that the opportunity of her confirmation and first communion under the guardianship of Miss Hartley and himself, should not be lost. When this important occasion was over, Miss Hartley placed her charge for a time at a boarding-school in the country, but not far distant from Dublin, with the double motive of recruiting her health and spirits, and of removing her for a time from the view of her sick friend. This residence afforded the advantages of pure air and a large garden, and the bland and courteous manner of the lady at the head of the establishment led Miss Hartley to believe that her adopted child would be happy whilst under her protection. Lucy went with regret, for nothing could compensate to her for even a temporary separation from her friend; but Miss Hartley was unfortunately deceived, in supposing that such a degree of contentment as might arise from the character of the lady, would be hers while under her roof. A short time after she had been placed there, an experienced friend remarked to Miss Hartley, "Lucy will never be happy there; I have known that lady from her youth, and though she

is well-meaning, she has a caustic, sarcastic manner, which rarely wins the love and confidence of her pupils."

These predictions were too fully verified; poor Lucy was very unhappy whilst at school, and the more so, because she could not avoid seeing that Miss Hartley's friends were opposed to her taking charge of her, and thus the poor child's mind was haunted by the idea, which, however groundless, was intensely painful, that Miss Hartley might at length be prevailed upon to send her to a distance. This was another fruit of that cruel and unauthorized interference with ties which God himself had formed, and a path of duty which His hand had marked out. As soon as her visitor had left her, Miss Hartley sent for her child, and Lucy was re-united to the friend, without whose presence "the finest place in the world would not be happy."

Chapter Twelfth.

A HAVEN OF REPOSE.—PHANTOMS OF THE PAST.—FOOTPRINTS ON THE SAND.—THE LADY'S BOUNTY.—LUCY AT SCHOOL.

RESTORED to the society of her friend, Lucy's heart overflowed with the happiness that had been so sadly clouded by their short separation.

"O my darling only friend," she said, "do not part with me again, but let me stay and take care of you. Do not go to this expense of sending me to school, for indeed when I am away from you, if the instruction be ever so good, I cannot profit by it, for I am continually thinking that perhaps you may be ill, and wanting something that I could do for you; so pray let me stay at home and be useful. I will study diligently, indeed I will, that I may be able to earn for you and let you rest when you are old, for I love

you, and I hope God will help me to be a good girl to you."

Her friend agreed to Lucy's desire. She gave up her large house, and with it the mode of life that had exposed her to so much annoyance, and retired with her child to a convenient lodging, where rest of mind, and freedom from the strife of tongues, improved the health and spirits of both.

Miss Hartley was engaged in out-of-door tuition during the morning of every day; whilst she was absent, Lucy carried on her own education with energy, practised music, and carefully preserved household neatness and economy. She mended, brushed, and folded their clothes, in so orderly a manner, that they lasted much longer than those of most people. She also kept regular accounts of expenditure, so that at the end of the year Miss Hartley knew exactly what her outlay had been; and she did this in opposition to her taste, for she was not naturally fond of arithmetic. She was careful, in the spirit of our Divine Master, to "gather up the fragments that nothing might be lost," so that even the simple meals of so small a family furnished something for the poor, and Lucy often saved a part of her own dinner for her sick neighbours. She felt great compassion for the destitute, and interest in their spiritual good—particularly for the Roman Catholics, who had no

access to the word of God, which she prized as a daily study. "Are you not to blame," she sometimes said to her friend, "for being so long in the house with that poor Roman Catholic, without telling her the truths contained in the Bible, since she has not one herself."

Another of Lucy's home occupations was making, with her friend's permission, little sweet cakes and custards for Miss Hartley's old friend, at whose house they dined every Sunday.

In this simple description of the young girl's daily routine, we have a lovely picture of woman's domestic life. The glory of any creature is to fill that place in the universe for which the Creator has designed him. If he fill a lower place, he is wasting the talents God has bestowed; and in appearance only, not in reality, can he fill a higher, for the only wise God has adapted in each the capacities to the field of action, and in proportion as the expanding powers demand a wider range, He will enlarge the sphere.

"Life is a school, in which we rise from form to form, by having exhausted the instructions of each in its turn." Woman was formed to minister, and she is not the happier for departing from her vocation. The consciousness of fitness, the adaptation of powers to their element, is a source of high moral delight, and in thoughtful attention to the minutiæ

of domestic comfort, while she imbibed and cultivated the spirit of beauty, whose elevating and refining influence it is woman's special province to shed around her, little Lucy experienced a happiness, vainly sought by those who waste their time in frivolity, or, meddling with things too high for them, forget the place that God has assigned, and striving to rise above, sink woefully beneath it.

In their Sunday visits to Miss Hartley's friend, Lucy and her protectress sometimes met the relations of the latter. Some of these were kind to the child, others haughty and cold ; but the worthy old lady, whose comforts Lucy delighted in promoting, treated the orphan with unvarying goodness and indulgence, and received in return her warm gratitude and affection.

Miss Hartley and her adopted child sometimes, laying aside the labours of the day, took long walks into the country, carrying with them a little basket of provisions, and spent hours in the sweet enjoyment of nature and fresh air. Their evenings were sometimes passed with friends, sometimes in delightful *tête-a-tête*, occupied with books and needle-work. In what would otherwise have been her cheerless solitude, Miss Hartley now felt the blessing that God had given her in this loving and grateful child, and learned by a happy experience how the rod of a

simple and faithful duty blossoms and buds in the hand, with the fruit and flowers of hope and joy.

In the midst of her happiness, a phantom of the terrible past had frequently appeared to Lucy in the shape of Tom Kelly, the husband of the wretch who had carried her off. She mentioned this circumstance to Miss Hartley, who doubted whether the wooden leg and some general resemblance did not deceive her. She begged her, however, to call her if she should see him again ; but it was a long time before she did so. Lucy feared being seen and recognized by his wife, who she thought might perhaps claim her. Some time afterwards, however, they heard that the woman was dead.

At one period Tom Kelly appeared to haunt Miss Hartley's house, though with what purpose it is difficult to say. He passed frequently before her windows, often stopping to talk to other persons, and being seen in the immediate vicinity several times a day. In explanation of her motives for not having this man, so likely to throw light upon Lucy's history, apprehended and examined by a magistrate, Miss Hartley says—

"About two years ago (that is, in the year 1850), I consulted Sir Duncan McGregor, the head magistrate of police in Dublin, on Lucy's affairs, and told him of Tom Kelly, the lame man, and of his

frequently passing near my several residences. He said I had not grounds enough to summon him before a magistrate, as he did not do anything to annoy me ; and even the child did not accuse him, but his wife, who was dead."

There is, certainly, a good deal of weight in the fears expressed by Miss Hartley that Kelly's family might make any false assertion they pleased, to which she had nothing to oppose but the statements of a child of five years old, and her own convictions, drawn from a concurrence of facts, which would not be proof in a court of justice. She also appears strongly and reasonably to have dreaded, that by claiming a relationship which she could not disprove, these low and disreputable people might afterwards prove clogs and encumbrances in Lucy's path, and the difficulty of making a thorough investigation of this perplexing case was seriously increased by the impeded administration of the laws in Ireland. Miss Hartley and Lucy have now lost all trace of the man, so that whatever effects of good or evil might have resulted from examining him, cannot, for the present at least, be ascertained.

About this period a lady of considerable fortune and position, who had taken a lively interest in Lucy's history, was so pleased with some of her drawings, shown to her by Miss Hartley, that she

proposed her sharing with her nieces the benefit of instruction at a drawing academy of superior character. This proposal led to a conversation upon Lucy's singular history, which took place in a social party of the lady's friends. One of the guests who heard the tale, said that about the year 1833, or 1834, she had been much moved by an advertisement in the "Times" by a lady, whose child, then two years old, had been stolen by an Irish beggar woman. The date and the age of the stolen child, compared with Lucy's supposed age and the date of her discovery, gave some reason to identify them. Miss Hartley made every effort to procure this newspaper, assisted by the benevolent lady, who shared her anxiety, but in vain. The length of time which had elapsed, prevented the advertisement being found. Lady C——, who heard of the circumstances from her chaplain, requested him to say that if the publisher of the "Times" could find the advertisement, she would bear the necessary expenses. Miss Hartley wrote to the publisher to beg that he would set on foot the important search, but he refused to undertake it, unless he was furnished with a more particular account of the date and other circumstances of the advertisement. These, however, could not be had. Miss Hartley now wished to send an advertisement to the "Times," stating that a child supposed to have

been lost, would be heard of by sending the description, the date, and the real name and address of the parents, to her.

The chaplain replied that Lady C—— did not approve of this plan, as it was very improbable that the lady who had advertised so many years ago should see the newspaper at this particular time. Her Ladyship, however, commissioned the chaplain to send a few pounds to Lucy, to assist in defraying the expenses of her education.

Lucy was most unwilling to accept of this donation, saying, she would rather work ever so hard than receive money sent as charity. Miss Hartley endeavoured to overrule her objections by saying, that it was one of the best privileges of rank and fortune that it enabled its possessors to assist those who stood in need of aid, and that, under such circumstances, she would have felt it a duty and a pleasure to assist those poorer than herself; as God, therefore, had sent her this benefit, she thankfully accepted it. She pointed out also to Lucy that by receiving an education superior to what the providence of God had placed within her unassisted power to obtain, she might rise to a position in which she would be able to assist others; perhaps, in her turn, to educate some friendless orphan, and thus repay the lady's bounty, with interest, to the poor.

It is certainly impossible to refrain from admiring the dignity of character which rendered Lucy unwilling to receive pecuniary aid from others, so long as it pleased God to bless her with the vigour of body and mind which rendered her independent.

Miss Hartley now arranged matters for Lucy's attendance at a good day-school. This occupied the hours of her absence with her pupils, and she was glad thus to exchange Lucy's solitude for cheerful society of her own age. She had feared, not without reason, that being so much alone was injurious to her health and spirits.

When her friend was absent, Lucy was continually assailed by fears lest some evil should have befallen her, and images of terror presented themselves with painful vividness to her mind. A carriage might have run over her, or she might have been taken ill in the street, and have been unable to proceed. These and such painful imaginations haunted the poor girl's mind, and Miss Hartley trusted that variety of occupation, and the society of young companions, might strengthen her against them.

Chapter Thirteenth.

UNDESERVED NEGLECT.—THE OVERWORN SPIRIT.—RE-APPEARANCE OF KELLY.—INVESTIGATION.—THE HOVEL RECOGNIZED.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

RECONCILED by her friend's reasoning and persuasion to the lady's gift, Lucy now determined to devote herself to study, in the hope of making a rapid progress. But, alas! an unforeseen barrier stood in her way, and depressed her young and ardent spirit when most she required encouragement.

The unnatural pressure of mind to which she had long been subjected, and the tension of her opening powers, had left traces behind them not to be quickly or easily effaced, and loss of appetite, with a strong tendency to violent headache, testified the sufferings she had undergone. She continued timid and nervous, fearing to show her warm and social feelings

lest she should meet with a repulse, which she had too often already bitterly experienced. As her mind expanded, her feelings became increasingly sensitive regarding her own position, which she too truly judged to be the cause of the general coldness with which she was received. This insulting treatment the poor girl generally bore in silence, though her sadness showed how keenly she felt it. Sometimes she exclaimed with deep feeling,

"How can I wonder that people should treat me so? Why should I blame them when they don't know who I am? When I do not myself know who I am, how can I expect persons to treat me kindly? Well, I must be as reserved as possible, and show that I do not seek for kindness from people who do not wish to bestow it. But oh! how I wish I could know who my parents were! I had rather know my friends, if they were honest labourers or even chimney sweepers, than be the strange unknown creature I am. People would then know what to think of me, and I would try to suit myself to my proper station, whatever that may be. Indeed, if it were not for this cut in my forehead, and the sight of the wooden-legged man whom I have several times met in the street, I should think my past life was a dream, but these are proofs of its reality."

Miss Hartley strove by every tender and gentle

word and caress to soothe her feelings, and support her spirit. She promised to try and discover her friends, and said, that if she saw the wooden-legged man again, she would speak to him, at some time when Lucy was not with her, as she so greatly feared being recognized. That was however very unlikely, for she was much changed since he had seen her. She was small of her age, but lady-like, and altogether very different from the terror-stricken, half-naked child, who had been for a time an unwilling inmate of his house.

Miss Hartley felt by no means sure that this wooden-legged man was indeed Tom Kelly, and was strongly inclined to think that Lucy was deceived by a mere resemblance; but Lucy was persuaded that it was he, and said she could not be mistaken in his round good-humoured face. Miss Hartley therefore determined to address him, and at least attempt to elicit some information; she expected soon to have an opportunity of doing so, as she had frequently seen him lately in neighbouring streets, and several times on the steps of her opposite neighbour's house. While he talked there with the servants, she fancied she had seen him cast an inquiring glance towards the windows of her apartments. She called on this gentleman, who was an elderly clergyman, with whom she was slightly acquainted, and in the course

of their conversation, she inquired who the lame man was whom she had sometimes observed on the steps of his door. The clergyman replied that he was a man whom he had seen at the shop of a grocer with whom he dealt; that he had lately called several times to induce him to buy coals from him. The day before he had learned that the man was called Kelly, but he did not know where he lived. Miss Hartley then went to the shop of the grocer named by the clergyman. The people there said they knew the man, and would deliver any message sent for him, but could not tell where he lived.

Soon after this, Miss Hartley met the man in the street, not very near her house. She immediately addressed him in a familiar tone—

"Tom Kelly," she said, "how do you do?"

"Quite well, ma'am, thank you."

"How are your wife and children."

"My wife has been dead these two years."

"Where is Biddy?" continued Miss Hartley

"She is living with Mary, who is married."

"Where is your little boy?"

"I have given him a good trade, and apprenticed him to a baker in B—— street."

In this brief conversation Kelly acknowledged his name, and each individual of his family whom the child had mentioned; thus adding another to the

many proofs already existing, of the perfect correctness of her statements.

"I wish to know something," resumed Miss Hartley, "of Nicholas Murphy."

"Of Nicholas Murphy," repeated the man, pausing a little, "where does he live, ma'am?"

"I believe in the County ——," replied Miss Hartley, "but I am not sure—that is what I want to know."

"I do not come from that country," replied Kelly, "I do not know any one there."

"Your wife did, however, for she brought up a little child from him, and a friend of mine wishes much to know where it is, and all about it."

"I do not know any such child," said Kelly, "if I did, I would tell you, especially now that my wife is dead. Little girls are not such treasures that one should hide them."

(Miss Hartley does not think she had said that the child was a girl.)

"Your daughter Biddy must know," pursued Miss Hartley, "for it was she who carried the child away from her mother."

"Well, you may ask Biddy, I know nothing about the matter; she lives in —— lane; but she is a very bad girl, she broke her mother's heart. I never go near them, they would ruin me."

He then turned away, and Miss Hartley next went to the baker's shop, where Tom Kelly's boy was apprenticed. The man was a respectable biscuit baker. She saw the boy, and inquired the address of his sisters. His master desired him to show the lady her way.

It was now evening. The boy crossed the street, and turning short into a narrow dark lane, hurried up a dirty and broken staircase. Miss Hartley, as well as she was able, groped her way after him, when he re-appeared, and civilly held up a farthing candle, to aid her somewhat difficult ascent. By its light, Miss Hartley saw how closely the staircase resembled Lucy's description. They entered a small room, where the family were assembled at supper, and, as Lucy had formerly observed, round a stool, instead of a table. Miss Hartley inquired for Biddy, who came out of a closet; she did not appear to resemble the girl who, on a former occasion, had answered her so deceitfully. She had before thought this girl a substitute for the real Biddy, who apparently had not wished to appear. This opinion was now strengthened, though it was difficult to judge by the flickering light of the candle, whether it was indeed a different person, or the same somewhat changed in appearance. Miss Hartley said she was commissioned by a friend to inquire about a child,

whom her mother had brought from the country, and she had put into the —— Institution.

The girl replied, that none of their family had ever been in a charitable institution. The lady must mean her sister Mary, who had been nursed in the country, and her mother had gone and brought her home.

"No," replied Miss Hartley, "the child I mean was much younger. Your sister Mary was a well grown girl when you carried this child on your back. You said you came from R——."

Mary's husband, a decent-looking tradesman, here interposed. "Oh! no," he said, "the family do not come from R——, not from that side of the country. They came from beyond the hill of P——."

"I know nothing of the child you mean," added Biddy.

"Your father bade me ask you," said Miss Hartley; "where does he live?"

They all exclaimed, "We don't know, he is married again, he never comes here."

As she could not gain any intelligence, Miss Hartley retired. A few days afterwards, she met Tom Kelly again in the street, and was about to address him, when he cried out in a rage, "So you went to question my daughter, but the d——l a word you shall ever know; you must mean my little daughter

Theresa, who lies in the churchyard beside her mother. So, woman, do not follow me in the street again." Kelly thus belied the assertion that there was no intercourse between him and his daughters. They evidently knew each others' proceedings, and appeared to be acting in concert.

The agreement of all that Miss Hartley saw with the statement of the infant, gives an assurance of truth to the remainder of her story, that renders the task of tracing it at once more easy and more hopeful; and it may not yet be too late to recover the lost threads, which, skilfully taken hold of, may be worked into the proper place in the web of the child's destiny. For the present Miss Hartley concealed from Lucy all that she had heard and seen, probably fearing to agitate her in the delicate state of her health.

Chapter Fourteenth.

THE SEA-COAST.—RETURN TO DUBLIN.—TOM KELLY'S HAUNTING.—A TRACK DISCOVERED.—THE TRACK PURSUED.—LUCY'S HOPES.—THE JOURNEY.—ARRIVAL IN R——.

Lucy continued so very delicate, that the physicians, whom Miss Hartley consulted regarding her, at length directed that she should leave school, and go to the country, where she might enjoy fresh air and needful relaxation. Miss Hartley took a lodging near a railway station, so that she could continue to attend her pupils, while she left Lucy to ramble about alone, and give herself up to the enjoyment of nature. On her friend's return from her short absence, they took many pleasant rambles together by the sea-shore, and over the hills.

While residing here, a friend one day requesting Miss Hartley to dine with him in Dublin, it was

dark ere she set out on her return home. When she had nearly reached the end of her journey, a simple-looking farmer in the same carriage, bending forward, inquired with anxiety if they would soon be in Dublin. He was surprised by being told that he was going from, not to, the metropolis.

"Oh, worra, worra!" he exclaimed, in great distress, "what shall I do? Musha, but it's meself that's unfortunate; that grand gentleman" (the railway porter) "has put me in a wrong coach, and I must leave Dublin to-morrow morning at seven o'clock for R——."

The name of R—— at once arrested Miss Hartley's attention, for it was the same from which Biddy at first declared that she had come. She immediately inquired of the farmer if he knew a man in that neighbourhood called Nicholas Murphy.

"Not in R——," replied the man, "but near it I know there is a farmer of that name, in very comfortable circumstances." He mentioned the name of the place, and described the locality, but was unfortunately obliged to hurry to the proper train without time for further conversation.

Here was, then, another clue; but as often as any prospect appeared of unravelling the mystery, obstacles arose which defeated Miss Hartley's hopes of

success, and she has never been able to identify any one as the Nicholas Murphy described by the child. The name is probably not an uncommon one, and the county or province, from which the child was brought, has not been ascertained.

After a short time spent at the coast, Miss Hartley and Lucy returned to town, but not to the house they had left; their present abode was nearly two miles distant from their former one. Here they resumed their quiet and happy mode of life, and Lucy, when her health permitted, returned to her school occupations, though these were sometimes interrupted by her former severe head-aches, while Miss Hartley attended her pupils as before. They occasionally spent the day or the evening with various friends, most of whom, especially those of superior rank and intellect, were kind to Lucy, receiving her as Miss Hartley's adopted daughter; but a few retained their former prejudices, and on festival days invited their friend without her.

Miss Hartley considered it her duty to accept of these invitations from aged relations, but deeply regretted leaving Lucy alone in a strange lodging on such days as Christmas or Easter, to feel to the utmost her isolated situation, while the rest of the world were keeping the feast. Lucy did all in her power to lessen these regrets, assisting her

friend to dress, arranging her hair, and brightening her ornaments, while she assured her that she would be perfectly happy. She never would permit any special preparation for her own dinner, but would only accept of a small cake as an addition to her usual meal, pleasing herself, however, by preparing little dainties for the poor.

One aged and esteemed friend showed Lucy unvarying consideration and kindness, inviting her with her protectress, and paying her the most pleasing attention. She was far advanced in years, and gradually sunk into a state somewhat resembling that of Mrs. Hartley's latter days. Again Miss Hartley was called to support the drooping head of age, and after much suffering to lose her kind and dear friend; and again Lucy was her indefatigable assistant in her labour and watching, her gentle comforter in grief, and her tender nurse and faithful housekeeper, when fatigue and sorrow brought on illness. When she was sufficiently recovered, they again removed for a short time to the country, in order to recruit her strength.

Some time after their return to Dublin, Miss Hartley and Lucy were invited to dine at the house of a lady, who had often met them while visiting their departed friend. This family was of a class in society higher than that in which Lucy had

hitherto been accustomed to move; but her perfect ease and self-possession satisfied her protectress that she was fully qualified to take her place in any circle whither the providence of God might conduct her. Yet she was happier at home than in any other place, and the society of her friend was dearer to her than any she met elsewhere.

Miss Hartley wished Lucy to invite some of her school-fellows to spend the evening with her as often as she chose, but she declined this permission, saying, there were not many amongst them whom she entirely esteemed, and that perhaps the parents of those she did like might not wish them to accept her invitation. Some of Miss Hartley's friends, who were persons of true religion, and superior mind, were the objects of Lucy's strong attachment, and regarded her with kindly interest, but she shrunk from the society of small or vulgar minds, whatever their outward attractions might be, and evinced a very quick and clear discernment of countenance and character. To servants and inferiors she was unvaryingly kind, gentle, and considerate, and at school Miss Hartley was highly gratified by the esteem of her teachers, and the character she deservedly bore.

About this time Tom Kelly appeared again, and passed by Miss Hartley's present residence as frequently as he had her former one. He sometimes

stopped opposite the house, and stood chatting with passers-by, but not in such a manner as to give the appearance of his watching the house or its occupants. Upon one occasion Lucy was invited to spend a fortnight with a friend at the sea-coast near Dublin. While she was absent, Miss Hartley went one day to visit her, and when at some distance from town, she recognized the indefatigable lame man walking along the road in the direction of Lucy's present abode, but whether he approached it or not, she could not see.

Miss Hartley had told Lucy of her meeting with the farmer from R——, and his information that Nicholas Murphy resided there. Lucy was very anxious to go and see him. The old man, she said, had never treated her ill, except in giving her to Mrs. Kelly, and perhaps she might persuade him to tell her who she was, and what had been her real name. In consequence of the Queen's visit to Ireland, Miss Hartley's pupils at this time received a fortnight's holiday, which afforded a good opportunity for their proposed journey. Hearing of Miss Hartley's intention, two friends wrote to invite her to visit them on her way. The first of these houses at which she stopped was that of a venerable clergyman, a gentleman of the old school, who deplored the degeneracy of modern times, and valued Miss Hartley as the last member of a circle whose society

had enlivened his youthful days. After a few days spent at his house, Miss Hartley and Lucy were conveyed by him to their next resting-place. While visiting in these houses, Lucy was introduced to higher circles of society than any in which she had yet moved; but while inhabiting suites of magnificent apartments, dining off plate, and wandering through beautiful pleasure grounds, Lucy appeared in her proper place. She enjoyed the beauty and elegance around her with calm pleasure, and only expressed regret in private to her friend, if any of the inmates of these abodes appeared unsuited to the refined atmosphere that surrounded them.

After having lingered for a few days in the midst of these delightful scenes, they proceeded to a romantic village surrounded by the woods and plantations of an absent nobleman. As they found that no conveyance from thence could be obtained until the evening, they were well pleased to spend the day in wandering through the woods, and dined under an oak surrounded by rich plantations of American trees and shrubs. In the evening they proceeded in a car through a beautiful country, and arrived at a town where, on a commanding height gilded by the setting sun, stood the Castle of Ferns, formerly the residence of Dermot M'Morough, an Irish king, who had successfully defended it from the Danes. They passed the

night at a quiet inn in this town, but in the morning found it almost impossible to proceed, for every conveyance was hurrying to Dublin filled with parties to see the Queen. At length the innkeeper succeeded in providing a jaunting-car, and a decent, intelligent driver. It was the middle of summer, the weather was delightful, and the country beautiful through which they passed. Their route lay for a time near the sea-coast, through the romantic country of the copper mines and the lovely vale of Avoca, celebrated in Irish melody. Their horse had lost a shoe, and they gladly availed themselves of this opportunity to walk for several miles, enjoying thus a more perfect sight of the picturesque scenes through which they were passing. After a long but delightful journey, they reached their destination in safety, and procured a comfortable lodging in R——. Miss Hartley here once more experienced the goodness of God, who in her various wanderings had mercifully directed her path; and while she was an utter stranger guided her to the houses of kind and benevolent and often truly religious persons. Again she remembered the promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he will direct thy paths." She and Lucy united in heartfelt thanksgiving for past mercies, and prayer for continued guidance and direction, and then addressed themselves to the business which had brought them thither.

Chapter Fifteenth.

THE GOOD RECTOR.—FRUITLESS INVESTIGATION.—THE STRANGE RESEMBLANCE.—RETURN TO DUBLIN.—THE PROPOSED TOUR.

Miss Hartley's first step was to call upon the rector, an amiable man, of considerable fortune, who lived on a beautiful estate near R——. She related to him the outlines of Lucy's story, and begged his assistance in finding Nicholas Murphy. Mr. G—— did not know such a person, but as his parish extended several miles into wild and remote districts, it was possible that he might reside there without his being aware of it, and he promised to set on foot inquiries regarding him. He addressed some questions to Lucy, whom he guessed from her countenance to be the subject of Miss Hartley's narrative. Mrs. G—— afterwards sent a kind invitation to Miss Hartley and Lucy to dine at the Rectory, when Mr.

G—— drove them to such parts of his parish as might possibly have been the scene of Lucy's early residence. The country, Lucy thought, appeared more wooded than her recollections would have led her to expect; but a distance of a very few miles might have made a great difference in this respect, and the child, while residing with Nicholas Murphy, appears to have been confined entirely to the immediate neighbourhood of his cabin.

As they drove along, Mr. G—— stopped from time to time to make inquiries amongst the cottagers, in the hope that some particulars might be elicited from them that would throw light upon Lucy's history. One old woman well remembered a blind beggar named Thady, who had sometimes travelled through the country, led by a dog. Another recollected, that about ten years before, two ladies had come in a carriage from a great distance, searching anxiously in the parish for a child, a little girl, who had been left there. A person at last brought them a child, but the informant was by no means sure that it was the right one. The ladies, however, were satisfied, took the child, gave the person who brought it ten guineas, and departed. Miss Hartley offered a reward for the name and address of the ladies, or of the person who had brought the child to them; but she could discover neither. This circumstance

recalled to Miss Hartley's mind the lady who had advertised in the "Times" newspaper for a child stolen by an Irish beggar. The dates appeared to correspond, and if an Irish woman had been bribed by an interested person to steal an English child, it was reasonable to suppose she might deposit it in a remote part of Ireland, from whence, if investigation were made, she would be likely to remove it; and no place would better serve the purpose of concealment than a public institution in a large town. So far the tales appeared to agree; but then, what meant the lady's murder, the house of mourning, and the evidently peculiar interest felt in the child by the lady to whose charge she was committed for one brief night? If Lucy were really the child thus lost and sought in vain, it appeared sufficiently probable, that when she was inquired after, another might be substituted in order to gain the reward, and if this supposition were true, that child might now be enjoying the home that was Lucy's birthright.

As it appeared impossible to gain further information, Miss Hartley prepared to return home, without having reached the place described by the farmer to be the abode of Nicholas Murphy; for it appeared that though in the parish of R——, it could only be reached on that side by passing through a rough rocky district, not very safe for ladies. But at the

opposite side, through another county and near the hill of P——, it might be more safely and easily approached. Miss Hartley and Lucy's going alone, would probably have been of little avail, except in enabling Lucy to identify the place of her early abode; and under any circumstances it would have been necessary that some efficient person should accompany them. No praise can be too high, no admiration too great, for the noble disinterestedness and generous fidelity with which Miss Hartley adopted, and continued in defiance of complicated difficulties to adhere to, the part she had assumed of mother to the deserted child. It must be concluded that difficulties of some nature, unfit for the public ear, impeded her path, for it certainly was from no selfish timidity, nor lukewarm interest, that one who had done and dared so much, now saw it right to abandon the enterprise. Mr. and Mrs. G—— promised to pursue their inquiries, and to communicate at once to Miss Hartley any information they might receive.

During their short residence in R——, Miss Hartley one day felt fatigued in walking to some distance from the town, and went into a decent-looking cottage to rest. A pretty young woman in the cottage asked Miss Hartley if the young lady were her daughter. "She is so very like a young

lady who was on a visit at the house of a nobleman where my sister is at service. Oh, they are as like as if they were sisters," she added. Miss Hartley asked the lady's name, but the girl could not tell, having only gone for a short time to see her sister. She said that she was a nice gentle young lady, and wore a beautiful gold chain. Could the nobleman's dwelling and the house of mourning be the same—and the young lady who so strongly resembled Lucy be her sister, sheltered in her native home, surrounded by its love, and nurtured amidst its pleasures; while she, in whose veins flowed the same blood, was thrown an outcast on the wide world, and drifted upon its waves, until drawn thence by a pitiful hand, and taken to a heart and home whose tenderness maternal love itself could scarcely have surpassed?

Disappointed in the object of their journey, the travellers at length regretfully left this lovely country, and returned to Dublin, which they reached upon the day that the Queen left Ireland. The warm-hearted Irish, that people so made to be governed by their affections, and so sadly without a prop round which to entwine them, were rejoicing in the affability of their sovereign, and in the exercise of their ardent loyalty. But the excitement of her visit by degrees subsided, and the world

in general, and with it Miss Hartley and Lucy, returned to the usual routine.

Soon after the excursion to R——, Miss Hartley was again tried by the death of a near and dear relative, after a tedious and distressing illness. Her health began to sink under these repeated afflictions, though her spirit, supported by the God in whom she trusted, had enabled her to sustain them with fortitude and resignation. Her medical attendants thought that change of climate and scene would be her best restoratives, and also highly desirable for Lucy, whose delicacy was thought to arise from want of muscular power and slowness of circulation. Miss Hartley, therefore, arranged her plans to pay a short visit to her relations in London ; and, having seen the Great Exhibition, proceed to Paris, and pass the winter either in Geneva or the south of France, where she was told she could easily obtain employment as an English teacher.

Chapter Sixteenth.

DEPARTURE FOR THE CONTINENT.—ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.—LUCY IN THE WORLD'S THOROUGHFARE.—THE HIDDEN LINKS.

On a fine morning in May, 1851, Miss Hartley and Lucy left Dublin for the Continent. They reached Chester in safety, but on arriving at the terminus there an accident befell Lucy which threatened serious consequences. On alighting from the railway carriage, her foot slipped, and she fell from a considerable height on the pavement and iron railing beneath. She was bruised by the fall, but escaped without any other injury.

After resting there for one night, they proceeded to London. As they drove towards the house of the friend with whom they were to stay, Lucy's attention was attracted by a middle-aged gentleman in mourn-

ing, who rode near the carriage, and frequently looked into it, attentively observing the party it contained, but without any rudeness of manner. His appearance was gentlemanly, and though in a plain dress, there was something in his air that denoted his being of the army. He had light-coloured hair, and whiskers of a sandy hue; his face was pale, and rather thin, with a serious expression. He continued to ride near the carriage for some time, occasionally looking into it, but at last they lost sight of him.

There seems a strange coincidence between this circumstance and some former parts of Lucy's history. The English soldier who bore the mysterious coffin to Mrs. Keegan's house—the age, and military appearance of the stranger—and his close observation of a party of ladies perfectly unknown to him, and in whose quiet mode of travelling there was nothing to cause a disagreeable publicity.

Could it be that some mysterious attraction drew him towards the being in whose veins flowed the blood that animated his own? that some resemblance in Lucy's features to her who had died under circumstances of such horror as might well impress a lifelong seriousness on the features of him who had loved and lost her, arrested the eye that so long had gazed on vacancy, when his yearning heart

sought the form of wife or child? Did Lucy gaze at last upon the face of her father, and know it not? Oh! that the spell could have been broken, the veil withdrawn, and those so hopelessly severed, united once more! But thus it might not be. There was no hand near that could raise that veil. no voice that could whisper, "Father, it is thy child," and He who alone had the power, saw fit for the present to leave the dark secret in obscurity.

The Great Exhibition was now open, and amidst the concourse of people that from all quarters of the world flocked thither, it was not unlikely that those connected with Lucy by the ties of a near affinity held their place.

Her eye, perhaps, rested on the features of father, sister, or brother—her ear heard their accents amidst the hum of surrounding voices—her garments, in the press, touched theirs, and yet she knew it not. And they looked upon the stranger girl, and saw not in her pale features the unforgotten lineaments of the long lost child. They heard her accents, and knew not that they listened to the voice whose imagined wailings had so often pierced their hearts. Unclaimed, she was tossed on that moving ocean of humanity—unclaimed, but not unanchored, for the arm that had drawn her from the waves, held her still to a heart that glowed with a mother's love.

But it might be that not those alone who had loved and mourned her mingled in that crowd. The ruthless hand, perhaps, was there which had torn her from her home. The heart that lust of gain had hardened to her cries—the foot that trod as his own the inheritance he had reft from the unconscious infant, passed by her in the crowd. Did no electric pang shoot to that guilty heart from the contact of his victim? Did his eye not quail, nor his proud heart tremble, as unwittingly his gaze rested on the being whom his hand had made a portionless, friendless outcast? One eye alone beheld those mysteries unveiled—one voice alone can bid this darkness be light. Let us await His time!

Chapter Seventeenth.

THE STORM.—RESIDENCE IN FRANCE.—MARIE.—THE RETURN HOME.—CONCLUSION.

Miss Hartley and Lucy, with a young friend who had accompanied them from Ireland, lingered in London for a short time, in order to see all the objects of historical or modern interest with which that capital of the world abounds.

Lucy was fascinated by the tombs and monuments in Westminster Abbey, and could hardly tear herself away from it, even to behold that spectacle of modern magnificence, the progress of the Queen from Buckingham Palace to St. James's. And no wonder if, thus translated into the depths of bygone ages, thus brought, as it were, into the presence of departed heroes, the most stirring interest of the moving world should lose its power. and sound only as the din of a

far off crowd, while the spirit revels in the regions of the ideal. On visiting the convict ship, Lucy was relieved to find the condition of the prisoners more alleviated than her imagination, impressed with the horrors of captivity, had led her to suppose. And at Greenwich Hospital the travellers enjoyed the sight of the veterans resting after many a well-fought field, and recounting the stories of their exploits, as they sat in the warm beams of the May sun.

It was now expedient to hasten to France before the weather should become too hot, but some appearance of a storm would have induced Miss Hartley to delay the voyage, short though it was, had not her judgment been overruled by those whom she considered better qualified than herself to decide. It would have been well, however, if she had adhered to her own opinion. They had not gone far from the shore, when a strong side wind beat violently on the heavily laden vessel, and waves, roaring with a noise like thunder, washed over its deck. With the assistance of the sailors, Miss Hartley and Lucy reached the cabin, which they found crowded with passengers, who occupied both the sofas and floor, whilst the breakers from the deck occasionally dashed down amongst them. With difficulty Miss Hartley and her charge found a place, and here they quietly waited, trusting to Him who ruleth the waves to bring them

safely through this peril. The prayer was answered; they reached the shores of France in safety, and proceeding from Boulogne by railway, arrived in Paris at about nine in the evening. After driving through the Champs Elysees, brilliantly decorated, and gaily lighted with coloured lamps, they turned into a long, dark, and narrow street, which Miss Hartley could hardly believe to be the abode of the lady with whom she had corresponded. So, however, it was, and the carriage at length stopped before an old house, surrounded by high walls, which to Lucy's eyes bore the aspect of a prison. Passing through the Porte Cochere, they alighted in a paved court, where they were surrounded by four female servants, talking French with great volubility, who conducted them to the presence of their lady. They were received with much kindness, and after partaking of tea, prepared in honour of the English visitors, they retired to rest.

The establishment in which they had now taken up their temporary abode was a boarding-school, by means of which the lady who conducted it, a kind and amiable person, supported herself and her sisters. Here Miss Hartley was treated with the most respectful attention; and Lucy, no longer an object of prejudice or jealousy to the weak or worldly-minded, but placed amongst those who esteemed her for her own

sake, ignorant of all that might either awaken their interest or arouse their censure, received the esteem and regard so justly her due.

Miss Hartley had letters of introduction to the English and French protestant clergymen, upon whom she called soon after her arrival, in the hope of their being able to further the object she had in view, of obtaining engagements as a teacher of English, and procuring for Lucy masters in different branches of study. The season was a very unfavourable one, for many had gone to the Exhibition, and others to the sea-coast. The lady of the house where Miss Hartley resided, however, engaged her to give instruction in English to a class of her pupils, to read the bible daily with the protestants in her school, and to conduct them to church.

Feeling the importance of this charge, Miss Hartley willingly devoted herself to its fulfilment, though it interfered with some of her own plans. Lucy was also employed in preparing the younger pupils of music for the lessons of their master. Miss Hartley and Lucy studied French with Mademoiselle de Corney, and Lucy received lessons in music from the best masters. In the midst of this busy occupation, the hour of dinner always afforded an agreeable relaxation. A large party composed of English, Irish, and French ladies, usually assembled. Miss Hartley, who was

accustomed to speak French, joined with ease and pleasure in the conversation, to which Lucy was generally an interested listener.

There was one young lady, an orphan, who had been left to Mademoiselle de Corney's guardianship under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Her father was believed to be of very high family, but his parentage was unknown. He had been educated by a Roman Catholic priest, who died, leaving no record by which his pupil's origin could be traced. He had married a lady of good family, whose relations were so incensed by the connection, that they refused all aid to her and her helpless child, when left desolate by the death of her husband. She besought admittance to Mademoiselle de Corney's establishment, where she was engaged as a teacher of painting, but shortly afterwards died of a broken heart. Mademoiselle de Corney generously adopted the infant, who was utterly cast off by her mother's relations, and educated her highly; but as the poor girl grew up, she was continually tried by reproachful allusions to her dependent situation, which, acting on a disposition that probably inherited the pride of her unfortunate father, induced a degree of harshness and reserve unnatural to her age and position. Lucy felt the liveliest interest in this girl. Something of similarity in their histories awakened a peculiar sympathy for one who

did not share the happiness she had found in that friend to whose care she had been committed, and she strove to win the affection and soften the feelings of the desolate orphan. All her advances, however, were met with coldness and indifference; perhaps from the jealousy that the comparison Marie was in the habit of hearing made between herself and Lucy, was likely to arouse. Miss Hartley earnestly urged Mademoiselle de Corney, who was naturally a kind person, though much engrossed by the cares of her position, to win and soften the girl's feelings by affection. She promised she would, and Miss Hartley had afterwards the satisfaction of hearing from her that this more genial influence had resulted in the great improvement of poor Marie's character.

What should we think of a gardener, who, constructing his flower beds upon the most approved plan, training his plants in the most regular fashion, tying them to straight and orderly stakes, and lopping off every erratic branch, yet, so constructed his garden that the warm influence of the genial sun never shone upon the buds, nor called forth the sparkling smiles of rain-drops hanging heavy on the petals? Should we look for fruit to spring from these luckless blossoms? And does a colder atmosphere suit the moral than the physical nursery?

Rumours of disturbance in the autumn alarmed

Miss Hartley, and induced her to change her intention of passing the winter on the Continent. She therefore returned to England with her adopted child, and proceeded to Bath. On their arrival at Folkstone, they encountered the gentleman who had regarded them with so much interest in London. Again he watched them with close attention; but this meeting passed as the last had done, without eliciting any apparent result. Miss Hartley established herself for the winter at Bath, in the hope of obtaining pupils. Until these were procured, however, the strictest economy was necessary, and in this she found Lucy a valuable assistant.

In all diversities of rank, in all varieties of sphere, the place that God has assigned to this weaker portion of the human creation is the same. Man's part is to go forth in undaunted championship, to contend with the powers of evil, and rescue the world from their sway—woman's, to build up again the ruins of the beautiful, and restore dominion to the dethroned spirit of harmony. All things lovely are her province and care.

Thus filling the sphere where God has placed her, Lucy renders Miss Hartley's home an abode of purity and peace, and returns in loving devotion and sympathizing friendship the benefits with which her tender guardian loaded her childhood.

After a winter of tranquil happiness, in Bath, Miss Hartley returned to Ireland. There they await the further development of the allwise Father's designs. To Him are known the dark secrets of the past. He marked the spot where Lucy drew the first breath of life. He saw the gaze of a mother's love resting on the child that so soon was to be torn from her arms, and cast on a pitiless world. He heard the cry of the bereaved heart, in its depth of anguish, more terrible than the groans wrung out by the murderer's knife. He tracked the blood-stained footsteps, and the darkness that encompassed him is light before His face. He hears, perhaps, the voice of a father's lamentation over the child that is lost; and He knows where flow the kindred streams from which the forsaken one, as an alien branch, has been cut off. And He marks the tossings by night, and the tremblings by day, of the wretch who has torn from the orphan her inheritance, and finds on its usurped soil no rest for the sole of his foot.

Whatever be the mysterious history, so long hidden in obscurity, it stands in order before Him, and when His unerring wisdom sees fit, the truth shall be revealed.

May the God of Truth hasten it in his time.

APPENDIX.

The following letters and papers are subjoined for the satisfaction of those, who, being strangers to Miss Hartley's high character, may require some testimony to confirm the truth of the foregoing narrative.

APPENDIX.

TO MISS HARTLEY.

From Dr. C. P. Croker, M.D. &c., &c.

University Club, or Merrion Square,
May 2nd, 1852.

Dear Miss Hartley,

You are at liberty to refer your Publishers, or any one else, to me with pleasure, as to the veracity of your statement.

I well recollect the time, and gave you great credit for your noble acts of charity, at a time I knew your means were limited.

Excuse my not sooner answering your letter.

Yours faithfully,

C. PHILIPS CROKER.

TO THE EDITOR.

From the Rev. Gibson Black, Rector of Turle, and formerly Curate of St. George's Parish, Dublin.

46, *Mountjoy Street, Dublin, Nov. 6th,* 1852.

Dear Madam,

In reply to your letter received this morning, I hasten to inform you that I have known Miss Hartley and her family for many years. They have been always esteemed as highly respectable persons; and, amidst many trials, have evinced their being influenced by principles of truth and uprightness.

Miss Hartley (to whom your inquiry specially refers) is a lady of great energy of mind, and she possesses to a remarkable extent that predominance of benevolent feeling which prompts her to sympathize with all human suffering that comes within her views. I recollect that while Curate of St. George's Parish, in this city, Lucy Melville was baptized by me, and that she was afterwards confirmed by His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

From my knowledge of Miss Hartley, I am persuaded that the circumstances under which she first noticed this girl, and the other facts she mentions in

connection with her history, may be regarded as correct and true in every particular.

With earnest prayer that your history of the "Unclaimed Daughter" may be made the vehicle of benefit to the child herself, and to those who read the tale,

I remain, yours faithfully,

GIBSON BLACK,

Rector of Turle, and formerly Curate of St. George's Parish, Dublin.

TO THE EDITOR.

From Dr. C. P. Croker, M.D., &c., &c.

Dr. C. P. Croker's compliments to ——, and sends her the testimonials she applied to him for.

Dr. C. P. Croker recollects several years ago, that Miss Hartley (charitably bent), visited the Mendicity, on Usher's Quay, Dublin, and there saw two young children, whose appearance struck her as not being of the ordinary class of mendicants.

He recollects the time when Miss Hartley, with very limited means, took these two children out of that Asylum, and brought them to her own home.

After a long space of time, Miss Hartley discovered the relations of one of these in England, and transmitted her to her friends.

The subject of your Memoir was very delicate, and for a long period under Dr. C. P. Croker's care. She is at present living with Miss Hartley, who not only maintained but educated these two persons most generously and nobly out of her own contracted resources.

C. P. Croker, M.D., M.R.I.A.

7, Merrion Square West, or University Club, Dublin, 7th November, 1852.

TO THE EDITOR.

From the Governor of the Mendicity Institution, Dublin.

Kildare Street, Dublin, Nov. 9th, 1852.

Dear Madam,

For two or three years previous to the passing of our Poor-law Act, say in 1837 and 1838, I was a pretty constant attendant as a member of the Committee of the Mendicity Institution—a very extensive eleemosynary establishment in Dublin,

dispensing, as I best recollect, about £10,000 or £11,000 a-year to about three thousand paupers. Among them then were several orphans and deserted children.

I remember Miss Hartley, a lady engaged in educational pursuits, having visited this house, and selected a very delicate little child, whose helplessness at first interested her, and who was a deserted child.

The child told a confused tale of having been in better circumstances; of living with a person (as I best recollect) fashionably dressed, and of elegant manners; and of violence, which appeared like some murder, having been committed. The time, the place, the parties, she could not tell.

Miss Hartley has since occupied her time in educating the little girl, and in endeavouring, by every means and all ingenuity, to trace her relations, but in vain.

Extracted from a letter, signed

T. Kemmies.

TO MISS HARTLEY.

From the Dean of Leighlin.

Dublin Castle, November 9th, 1852.

Dear Madam,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 8th inst. I shall be happy to forward in any way in my power the sale and circulation of the interesting narrative of your *protégée*. . . . . You are quite at liberty to refer to me, and I shall be happy to bear my testimony to the length of time that I have known you and Miss Lucy Melville.

I am your faithful servant,

J. A. W. TIGHE.

TO MISS HARTLEY.

From the Rev. Mr. Guinness.

Rectory, Rathdrum, Nov. 15*th.*

Dear Miss Hartley,

I am happy to hear from yourself such favourable accounts of your welfare and proceedings since I had the pleasure of seeing

you in this country, and also that you still feel so deeply interested in the eare of your young *protégée*, who, I hope and pray, will always be *grateful* to you, as deeply, *indeed, she ought*, for your humane and disinterested kindness towards her.

I have sent your letter to Mrs. Guinness, now at my father's, as I think she is more likely to be able to mention your plan advantageously than I can do in this retired part of the country.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

W. S. Guinness.

Mr. Guinness, a son or brother of the head of the celebrated firm, is the Mr. G. alluded to in Miss Hartley's aceount of her visit to R—— (Rathdrum). Since concluding the narrative of the forsaken child, the Editor has learned that the investigations and researches made by Miss Hartley in order to trace the origin of her *protégée*, were carried on in the face of difficulties and impediments that only the true principle and faithful affection which impelled to such exertions, could have overcome. After a long and tedious journey to Rathdrum, Miss Hartley was obliged by imperative business to abandon her enterprize, and return to Dublin

upon a certain day. The efforts of Mr. Guinness and the Police, whom she entrusted with the prosecution of her search, utterly failed. On other occasions obstacles equally insuperable intervened, and failures as discouraging ensued. Yet against all Miss Hartley bore up with untiring patience, and unceasingly persevered in her work of faith and labour of love; and in the exercise of this perseverance she has put forth this new effort in the hope that success may at last be awarded.

TO THE EDITOR.

From the Dean of Leighlin.

Claridge's Hotel, Lower Grosvenor Street, London,
17th November, 1852.

The Dean of Leighlin has much pleasure in bearing testimony to his knowledge of Miss Hartley and her *protégée,* Miss Melville. He has been acquainted with them for some years, and believes Miss Hartley to be a most excellent and respectable person, who has employed much of her time in instructing the young, and in acts of benevolence. She adopted Miss Melville from the most

kind feelings towards a forsaken little child, has watched over her with the tender anxiety, and appears to feel for her the warm attachment, of a parent.

TO THE EDITOR.

From Col. Knox Gore, Belleek Manor, Ballina, Co. Mayo.

Belleek Manor, 18*th November*, 1852.

Madam,

I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to Miss Hartley's high position as to character.

Knowing her from my childhood, I have always looked to her as a Christian, whose faith, meekness, and fortitude, rendered her a model for imitation. She held a high situation in the Educational Department in Ireland (the Kildare Street Society), and though she gave up position and comparative wealth by resigning her situation, yet she never hesitated to do so when a change was made in the religious education of her pupils, from which she conscientiously disagreed. Her little *protégée* I have seen,

and I believe the exertions made by Miss Hartley to support and educate her are beyond praise.

Miss Hartley's whole career has been a living proof that those who put their trust in the Lord are wonderfully supported, even in this world.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Yours faithfully,
F. A. Knox Gore.

TO THE EDITOR.

From Miss Hartley.

This memorandum was written in 1838, when I believed the false report of the child being daughter of Tom Kelly. I supposed the best way to find the child's relations would be to question his brother and sister.

"*Certificate.*—John Kelly, brother to Tom Kelly, who kept a dairy in King Street, 1, Tinkler's Court, declares that his brother died about 1823, fifteen years ago, and that the child placed in the Mendicity, under the name of Bessie Kelly, is not a child belonging to any of his family.

"Mrs. Rose Murphy, sister of Tom Kelly, a substantial farmer's widow, who lives on the Commons

of Broadlays, Parish of Baltimore, declares that her brother, who had kept a dairy in South King Street, died in India, leaving only one son, married, and in comfortable circumstances. She positively denies any knowledge whatever of the child."

TO THE PUBLISHERS.

From Miss Hartley.

December 3rd, 1852.

Dear Sirs,

I have just heard from the Editor that you desire some explanation respecting the two persons named Tom Kelly; one, the dairyman, many years dead, and the other, the lame man, still living. I cannot possibly know if there be any connection between those two persons, but I have always thought there was not; but that Biddy and her mother named the long-deceased dairyman as father of the child, in order, by the sameness of name, to divert attention from themselves, lest inquiry should be made, and the name Kelly be brought in question. Besides, if the Kellys who took the child had been at all connected with the dairyman, I think John Kelly, the dairyman's brother, or Mrs.

Rose Murphy, his sister, or some of the respectable shop-keepers who remembered him, would, in answer to my very anxious inquiries, have directed me to the lame man and his family, had they known them. On the contrary, they declared they did not know anything of the child, nor believe her at all connected with any member of their family. But this, like all connected with the child's early history, is an inexplicable mystery.

Your truly obliged,

SARAH HARTLEY.

Mendicity Institution, Nov. 25th, 1852.

I certify that a child, named —— Kelly, was admitted on the orphan list of this Institution on the 29th November, 1836, and that on the 17th day of July, 1838, the Committee of this Institution gave permission to Miss —— [or Hartley], of —— Street, to take her to the country.

Signed,

JOHN COTTLE, Secretary.

TO MISS HARTLEY.

From Sir Philip Crampton, of Dublin, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., Surgeon-General to the Forces, and Surgeon in Ordinary to her Majesty in Ireland.

December 2nd, 1852.

Dear Miss Hartley,

I shall be most happy to take a copy of your forth-coming history of the Lost Child, and to bear testimony as to its truth; and this I am enabled to do, not only from my long acquaintance with you, and my entire reliance on your integrity and truth, but from the fact of your having brought the child to me immediately after she was so fortunate as to obtain your protection, and your having *then* made me acquainted with all the circumstances of her case.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

PHILIP CRAMPTON.

TO THE EDITOR.

From Miss Melville.

November 12*th*, 1852.

Dear Madam,

Miss Hartley has informed me of your kind wish to hear from me; I, therefore, gladly avail myself of this opportunity to thank you very much for the trouble you take in my affairs. I feel I ought to be most thankful for all the mercies I enjoy every day, and for the many friends who interest themselves about me; yet I cannot help being frightened at the prospect of my little history being put into a book, and going abroad into the world. I am sometimes afraid lest unworthy persons should claim me, and take me away from the dear friend who has rescued me from such misery; but I trust it may please God to leave me with her, and to preserve her long to me.

I feel as if to devote myself to the service of God, and to be a comfort to this kind friend, were quite exercise enough for my little mind, without more ties; but the Lord's will be done.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Your much obliged,

LUCY MELVILLE.

Extract from the Baptismal Registry of St. George's Parish, Dublin.

When Baptized.	Child's Christian Name.	Parents' Name.		Abode.	Quality, Trade, or Profession.	By whom the Ceremony was Performed.
		Christian.	Surname.			
1844. March 22.	Lucy Melville.	Adopted daughter of Sarah Hartley.		No. 1, Synnott Place.		Gibson Black.
Born. Supposed to be born about 1832.						

The above is a correct extract from the Registry of St. George's Parish.

Dated at St. George's Vestry Room, this 19th day of September, 1849.

GIBSON BLACK,
Curate of St. George's Parish, Dublin.

For reasons stated in the Preface, the assumed names of the two principal parties are substituted for the real ones, in the above extract.

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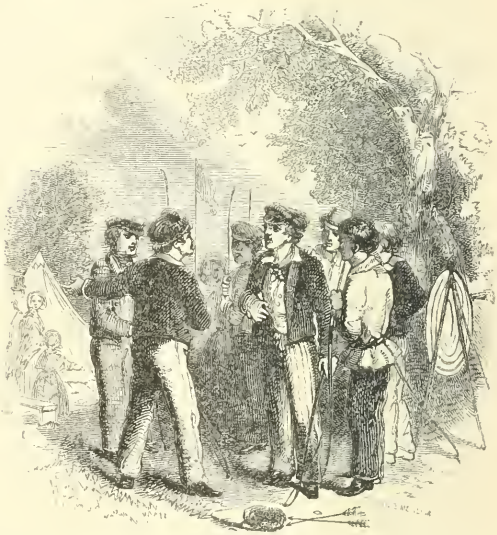

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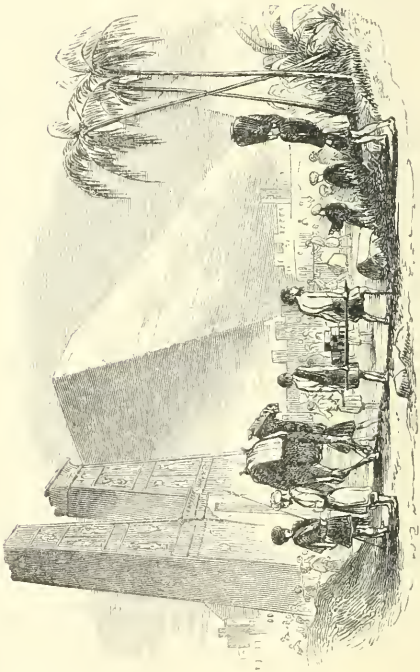

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